THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts, and Public Affairs.

Volume XII — New York, Wednesday, September 17, 1930 — Number 20

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Published weekly and copyrighted 1930, in the United States by the Calvert Publishing Corporation, Grand Central Terminal, New York, N. Y. United States: $5.00; Foreign: $6.00; Canada: $5.50. Single Copies: $.10.

THE LION'S BEDFELLOW

TO THE world at large war is an enterprise in which not even the stoutest gambler can win. German schoolboys find Remarque's masterpiece on their list of counseled readings, and Mr. Frank Kellogg is, in all probability, going to the World Court for having induced the nations to outlaw Mars. Popes and princes and assemblies of peoples—all have lifted voices to flay the scourge of goose-step and aviator's bomb. The Lambeth Conference declared that when nations have agreed in writing to seek a peaceful settlement of international differences, "the Christian Church of every nation should refuse to countenance any war in regard to which the government of its own country has not declared its willingness to submit the matter in dispute to arbitration or conciliation." In other words: if a country goes to war and therewith tells a lie, the Church will, at least, denounce the lie. Americans have recently played host to 200 foreign jurists, all members of the International Law Association, all interested in the problem of devising a juridical code the infraction of which would stamp any offending power as lawless and punishable.

Is all this talk, intrinsically empty of practical meaning, or does it signify a genuine international resolve to steer clear of the horrors of 1914? One should like to know—to see a little more clearly into the future than appears to be possible at present. Certainly the Orient is seething. It is not merely a question of Russia, equipped with the best army in its history and absorbed just now in playing off sabers against kulaks. Chinese history is currently just one battle after another. Perhaps this epoch of horrors is a disease which springs from change, as certain optimistic commentators would have you believe; perhaps it is the preface to another martial epoch during which the nation hitherto distinguished for pacifism (an indifference to aggressiveness based not, as is often supposed, on quietism but rather on weariness of fighting throughout ages) will produce new Napoleons and Von Moltkes. India will make no settlement on the present terms. Gandhi's refusal is flat and final—it is Kipling's day again.

Obviously it is the Christian West which must construct and save, if salvation is possible. The point is almost frighteningly clear now. For all our widely distributed Spenglerism, in a measure justified, there is not a thinking soul which fails to realize that the glory of putting forth a new effort, of once more plac-

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ing the world on its shoulders, confronts the West. The opportunity finds us badly divided and handicapped, of course. Briand can make little headway with even the comparatively slight endeavor to develop Europe's consciousness of its interdependence. There is not a single Balkan country in which the situation is more secure than it was before the world war. The position in which the United States finds itself regarding either other peoples of the new world or the nations of the continent is neither definable nor satisfactory. What we do possess as a nucleus of a possible resolve to build for the future is the prayer of the Church, which is the kingdom of God on earth. Beyond that, one finds the earnestness of reason, expressed in such corporate groups as the jurists now assembled in New York represent. From one point of view this is not much; from another it is a great deal. Though from time immemorial a vast gulf has yawned between the aspirations of humanity and its actual achievement, the record is only relatively one of failure. History has always been unsettled and fearful of menaces; but history is also filled with light and victory.

Take for instance this very matter of international law. As Mr. John W. Davis remarked in his address to the assembled lawyers, there is considerable difficulty in reconciling abstract and desirable principles of world justice with the restrictions and interpretations advanced by national parliaments. One must hope for the evolution rather than the spontaneous generation of a code. More generally speaking, the concordance of national and international aims cannot be effected at a stroke—that was certainly the almost fatal mistake of those who originated the League of Nations—but must be laboriously wrestled for, won inch by inch. It is easy to enumerate the sins committed by the patriots. It is not much harder to expose the misteps of the thoroughgoing internationalists. The extent to which both are right must be discerned gradually, through a kind of experimentation. To agree to no internationalism which imposes indifference to the good rights of one's own nation is manifestly the correct formula.

It would be to the advantage of all of us if some clear chart summarized progress to date, year by year. If then a nation faced and answered the question as to what it could do, practically, this very year for the advancement of international justice and amity, we might set to work collectively and do just that. Too much has been said of the finished picture by idealists of this or that persuasion. There is, after all, more sense in a treaty than in a treatise. The lion is not going to lie down with the lamb simply because a hundred noble exhortations stress the virtues of the lamb. But if the two—nationalism and internationalism—can gradually be accustomed to the same neighborhood, the same field and the same plot of grass, it may ultimately be expected with some degree of reasonableness that they will lie down side by side.

WEEK BY WEEK

WHILE some rumors of impending improvement are current in the realm of business, the social results of the depression are of course more obvious than ever. Addressing a large audience at Syracuse, New York, Mr. William Green declared that "for more than a year many people in practically every community have had the blighting hand of poverty laid upon them." In order to forestall the recurrence of such disasters in the future, he said, industrial engineering must consider the close relationship between diminished buying power and reduced production. Advocating "steady, continuous employment with an annual income for wage earners," Mr. Green declared that employees guaranteed a certain sum each year would be in a better position to make use of credit facilities which stimulate business. There is much to be said for the plan. As already introduced into several industries, it has the advantage of limiting costly labor turnover as well as of freeing workers from the uncertain ups and downs of a daily wage. But adoption depends so entirely upon the attitude of corporations and their executives that any immediate reliance upon the idea seems quite futile. Far more likely to win favor soon is another "remedy" sponsored by Mr. Green—the five-day week and the curtailment of working hours.

No Joke for the Jobless

THE citizens who determine the fate of France have recently developed a number of impressive peculiarities. Quite apart from their utterly normal interest in the welfare of their country they have a passion for national success which occasionally strikes the observer as slightly (if also dangerously) humorous. Is a French desire incompatible with the wish of some other country? Then down with the other country! One is prepared for this with reference to the Germans—traditional enemies who came so near to winning in 1918 that the remembrance of it is still unpleasant. Then, of course, there are the Italians and the British, who require constant watching. Of late, however, the emphasis has been laid on les Americains, suspected of niggardliness on the subject of war-time obligations. Resentment of Washington's stand may be human, but it really should not be conceived of as politics. The effect on the prestige of France in this country is nothing short of disastrous. Even now the thought of the United States going to war in the future to protect French civilization against an enemy is as inconceivable as perpetual motion; and if the present drift continues, even ordinary peace-time relations will be badly strained. Witness the ousting of William Randolph Hearst. To the Parisians this action may have seemed something like poetic justice. But from over here it looks exactly like a scene in opera bouffe, with Mr. Hearst in the rôle of

French Leave

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hero. It is difficult to overestimate the bad impression created—an impression less of a powerful foe than of a quaint cattishness incompatible with everything we have learned to know or love as the French mind.

Equity and Theatrical Decency

REPLYING to an editorial which appeared in America, Mr. Frank Gilmore outlined the plan which the Actors' Equity Association will suggest to the New York legislature as a substitute for the existing Wales law. In several respects it seems the best idea yet advanced. There are to be formed (a) a panel of 200 persons supplied by the American Arbitration Association as representatives of the public; (b) a committee of nine—actors, dramatists and producing managers—to symbolize the theatre. Five persons selected from (a) and two chosen by (b) will convene as a jury whenever anything like a man-size complaint is advanced against a given production on the score of public morals. The names of the jurors will not be made public, but the decision reached by the majority of the seven will have a marked effect. Conviction of the play would be followed by immediate withdrawal, no appeal being granted. If the law sponsors the plan and Equity retains its control over actors and actresses, the offending drama would have to be taken as far west as Hawaii in order to meet with favor. Naturally a great deal depends upon the character of the jurors and ability to withhold publicity from the press. But at all events responsibility for salacious shows would be taken from the theatre and lodged with the public.

Mencken and the Great

INEVITABLY and automatically the opinions of Mr. Mencken have lost caste. Every good philosopher changes his mind, but none ever throws his system overboard for another. Schopenhauer could talk pessimism and still eat sausage with gusto; but an utterly uncompromising disciple of Nietzsche, such as Mr. Mencken has been during two decades, simply cannot marry without going into catastrophic intellectual reverse. In spite of all this, however, an editorial in the most recent issue of the American Mercury contains an item of interest. It is to the effect that while some Catholic ecclesiastics are shrewd and others charming, the Church as a church is an intellectual mess and is steadily growing worse. "Scarcely a dozen really first-rate men subscribe to its ideas," we are told, despite 1,800 years of unrelieved propaganda. Now certainly a few admissions are in order here. The Catholic Church, like every other democratic society, simply cannot limit its membership to "first-rate men" from the intellectual point of view. It must reckon with the circumstance that Tom, Dick and Harry—who sometimes cannot even read—want to get into heaven too, and that sometimes their qualifications for admission are better than those possessed by the very choicest highbrows. But, to narrow the issue down to sheer mentality, we may further concede that if Mr. Mencken joined up, the present hole in Catholic intelligence would be filled up with a protruding bulge. Yet even so the situation is really not so bad as it would seem.

THE following list of distinguished living Catholic intellectuals is a little haphazard and perhaps arbitrary. Nevertheless it has the advantage of not having been hard to draw up. It is just a starter to which might be added other names of people who come as near to being first-rate as the human race can now come. We have arranged them in groups of half-dozens, neatly classified for purposes of reference. Scientists: L. de Broglie, W. Schmidt, L. Delattre, A. Audollent, M. E. de Jonghe, M. Teissier. Artists: Vincent d'Indy, Maurice Denis, Paul Thalheimer, Georges Desvallières, Eric Gill, A. Cingria. Novelists: Sigrid Undset, Paul Bourget, F. Mauriac, E. von Handel-Mazzetti, S. Kaye-Smith, Franz Werfel. Critics: Henri Brémond, Josef Nadler, Hilaire Belloc, Hermann Bahr, René Doumic, Charles du Bos. Philosophers: Maurice Blondel, J. Maritain, R. Guardini, Joseph Geiger, J. Chevalier, M. Grabmann. Poets: Paul Claudel, F. Jammes, Ruth Schaumann, A. Miegel, G. K. Chesterton, Padraic Colum. Sociologists: Imbart de la Tour, Karl Winter, John A. Ryan, F. Dessauer, K. Schmidt, L. Sturzo. Add six men of affairs from Mr. Gerard's list. With all its faults this composite list is, after all, an array of possible guests to a dinner at which Mr. Mencken might properly act as the butler.

Eugenics in England—Addendum

WE RECENTLY spoke of the conference of Anglican bishops at Lambeth, and its majority report in favor of birth control. There was nothing geographical in our criticism, since we were concerned with the content of the resolution and not with the country in which it was formulated, but it is pleasant to find occasion for giving England a mark, and a very high one, in the opposite column. There is no country in the world where trained Catholic opinion is so articulate or so fearless on this most important matter. There is none where the wrong social economist who tries to head off social misery by heading off population, or the wrong-hearted eugenist who has no understanding of the quality and value of human life, receive so straight an answer. This may be, in part, because the whole problem of desperate poverty is of long standing there, and theories and counter-theories of alleviation have had a correspondingly long time to develop. It is undoubtedly also due to the high intellectual vitality that the Church in England shows in all fields today.

THE particular article which we have in mind appears in the Month for August, and is from the pen of G. C. Heseltine. In its lucidity and humanity it is worth be-

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ing set with Father McNabb's writings on birth control, or Mr. Chesterton's classic (recently republished) Eugenics and Other Evils. It deals with the eternally repeated allegation that the poor are "our worst breeding-stocks." This charge it examines from the viewpoint, not of Christian morals, but of biology, economics and inherent intellectual and ethical powers. Quietly, and with no sign of malice toward the theories he is devastating, the writer builds up his demonstration of the unchallengeable soundness of the everlastingly challenged poor. Their physical stamina emerges as actually superior to that of their social betters; their inherent ability as at least equal. Man for man, they are seen to produce fewer economic parasites than the middle classes. And finally, on the question of defective mentality, this plain statement is made: "I will not question that the proportion of mental defect in the nation is rising, but it is difficult to imagine what sort of survey can show that it does so as a consequence of the greater prolificacy of the lower classes. The proportion of mental defectives among the poor is well known. On the other hand, the middle-class mental defective must be very defective indeed before he is 'put away,' or even brought to official notice."

"Folk" Lore and "Folks"

AN IMPORTANT question of our time has to do with the relation of the American environment to the American artist, especially the literary artist. How is it to be answered? By those who flee abroad from our "standardization," our "barrenness," our "materialism," to live the "leisurely and civilized life," in some European country, preferably France? By those who devote themselves intensively to what they call "American folk lore," by which they mean Indian or Negro folk ore, or fields of local or special legend and song? By those who find in the national scene material for bitter and strident satire? Another answer has been gaining substance and significance. Its most recent proponent is Miss Ruth Suckow, writing in Scribner's for September. Miss Suckow is not a major novelist, but she is gifted and honest, and by dint of taking the American locale and its inhabitants quite simply and seriously, she has done some fine work which imparts a good deal of authority to her conclusions. Those conclusions are marked by what may be called an astringent optimism. That is, she is hopeful of our environment, even if critical of our aesthetes and intellectuals. She finds the former developing its own underivative character and strong, unique qualities according to the soundest social laws; it is the latter who do not measure up. They are not patient or trustful enough; they are not, in a word, original enough.

MISS SUCKOW makes her point by a clever and illuminating play on words. The mistaken goal of our aesthetic philosophers, she says, is the "folk" ideal. Whether they pursue it here or abroad, they are missing that first requirement of art, that the artist shall grow from his own roots. There is no "folk" ideal really characteristic of America; there is, instead, something equally positive, which the American passes over only to his loss. It is the "folks" ideal—the dominating conception of the community as bound together into almost the compactness of a family by those things in which its units resemble one another: gregariousness, ambition, kindliness, humanity. This is the thing that is especially ours, among the nations of the world. It grows out of our history, is wholly consonant with our national character, controls our lives. If we are to have a strong, indigenous art, this must be its matrix. Miss Suckow does not deny that it has limitations and dangers, that it has tended to bind the individual too tightly, to press upon him irritatingly and even cruelly. But she steadily maintains that by every law that our escaping artists recognize or invoke, it is their only real hope. Hence, their business is to mitigate, enrich, "civilize" it into the proper artistic utility. If they merely continue to run away, they do it the wrong of withdrawing from it the desperately needed elements of variety, taste, creativeness and do themselves the wrong of cutting off forever their native air.

Inquisitors, Old and New

WHATEVER may be the merits of Mr. Hoffman Nickerson's contention that prohibition enforcement is a more grievous and less justified infraction of human liberties than the mediaeval Inquisition, it is interesting in the light of that contention to observe in the instructions given to several new prohibition agents at Washington, September 2, by Mr. Harry M. Dengler, field supervisor, a certain parallelism to those laid down for Inquisitors by Bernard Gui, a fourteenth-century hunter of heretics. "In all your investigations," said Mr. Dengler, "be fair, be honest, be truthful, be fearless of facts even though they do not support your theory. You are an unprejudiced impersonal instrument whereby the government is seeking the true facts of a given situation. . . . Let your investigation be painstaking and searching, fair and impartial, thorough and comprehensive. Proceed without fear, favor or prejudice, use your best efforts, and apply all knowledge you have or which you can command to the end that the truth may be disclosed."

AN INQUISITOR, said Bernard Gui, should be "diligent and fervent in his zeal for religious truth, for the salvation of souls, and for the destruction of heresy. . . . He should be a brave man, ready to face death if necessary, but while never running from danger in cowardly fashion, he should never be foolhardy in rushing into it. He should be unmoved by the entreaties or the bribes of those who appear before his tribunal; still he must not harden his heart to the point of refusing to delay or mitigate punish-

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ment, as circumstances may require from time to time. In doubtful cases, he should be very careful not to believe too easily what may appear probable, and yet in reality is false; nor, on the other hand, should he stubbornly refuse to believe what may appear improbable, and yet is frequently true. . . . Let the love of truth and mercy, the special qualities of every good judge, shine in his countenance, and let his sentences never be prompted by avarice or cruelty." Problems and circumstances change, but men's minds run along very similar channels.

A Good Soldier

HISTORY can afford to be mindful of Major-General Henry T. Allen, whose death on August 30 brought to a close activities which always manifested the noblest American spirit. When the recent war was over, many who read propaganda and news reports vivid with the reddest kind of hate recalled with sorrow the words which Grant spoke after Appomatox and the program which Lincoln outlined for the whole era of Reconstruction. It was General Allen who, more than any other man, revivified those old ideals. His command of the army of occupation in the Coblentz sector ended with the respect and affection of millions of people. Blending courtesy and tact with efficiency, the American forces guaranteed for such citizens as would follow them a pleasant and honorable welcome. The General had an eye for the sacredness of intangible traditions, and saved the French from the blunder of destroying old Ehrenbreitenstein—which, incidentally, whole generations of poets had loved. But he was likewise mindful of immediate and sometimes dire realities. It was largely because of his splendid American common sense that a fund of $3,000,000 was raised and spent to save a multitude of undernourished German children, the resources of whose parents had vanished. Such a record may well be the envy of soldier, statesman and citizen. It is worthy of the great past.

The Most Royal Sport

THE democratic reproach that polo is "a rich man's game" has ceased to be true in spirit, even if it is truer than ever in fact. That more and more money is spent on the sport every year is less important than that more and more people heartily enjoy it. It was not only forty-five years ago, when America first entered the international lists, that interest in polo, and a knowledge of it, were the property of an exclusive Long Island sporting set. That was true as late as 1909, when America's "big four" first lifted the famous Hurlingham Cup. Since then, a number of factors have combined to promote a widening enthusiasm for the game. Foremost in time, if not in potency, has been the drive and skill of the American international players, who have acquired a virtuosity and a prestige beyond anything dreamed of in all of polo's previous history. The national pride in their prowess, however limited, was real, and gave the first incentive to the present wide publicity. The army has helped, also, since polo is played by officers and often by enlisted men. An increasing number of colleges have more recently fallen into line by actively promoting the game, and this, too, has found its echo in the press. This paragraph is written before the concluding game of the 1930 international match, but one of its outcomes may be safely predicted: it will make the public still more "polo conscious." The 42,000 spectators who took the supremely inconvenient trip to the middle of Long Island for the opening game give assurance of that. Well, as Mr. Chesterton says, the people are always right. It is a glorious sport, in which pace, power and courage are at their highest premium.

WHAT THE LAW ALLOWS

THE inadequacies of contemporary criminal justice—target of the columnist and theme of the reformer—are probably due to permanent limitations of the human species. During centuries the canniest and best-intentioned of men have sought to develop a law ample and reasonable enough to serve the purpose of societies compelled to take notice both of the right desires of the community and the needs of the individual. How much progress has been made? A fairly satisfactory test case is the recent New York investigation of Judge Ewald's appointment to a magistracy. Evidence was submitted to a grand jury, purporting to show that the Judge had purchased the office with a fat check, the migrations of which had been traced in a measure by the proper official. Anyhow the district attorney did not press for an indictment and the jury dismissed the case. But the public, which read the accounts of the hearing supplied by the press, was far from content with the verdict. Accordingly the inquiry has been reopened and there will be something else to write about shortly.

We do not profess to know whether Mr. Ewald is innocent or guilty. But the affair in which he figures seems almost a cross-section of the existing legal situation. First of all it is a criminal case of the kind which, if one excludes the more sensational varieties of amatory murder and gangland massacre, attracts the widest attention. General interest in the matter can be awakened, and the resultant efficacy of public opinion can be scrutinized. Secondly, the conduct of the case revealed clearly what has happened to legal procedure. In earlier, simpler days, criticism of the courts usually flayed their literalness. His Honor merely glanced at the statutes (at least so his enemies declared) and if a pertinent ruling seemed to be available, he stood by that. Doubtless this rigid system had its virtues, but unduly steadfast literalness is abhorred, in the long run, by the social conscience. Nor can the complex legislation of today, which tries to reckon with the numberless facets of industrial civiliza-

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tion, be tacked down neatly to fit every given situation. As a consequence, the room allotted to "discretion" has grown larger and larger. The district attorney in question was free to press the case or not—at least until the political implications of popular dissatisfaction became obvious.

This dissatisfaction is akin to old group disapprovals, but none the less differs widely from them. In the placid days of yore, family, church and neighborhood sentiment had a direct bearing upon evidences of misbehavior. It was often unjust. For example it sometimes treated a woman who had gone astray with the cruelty which the movies have since put to generous use. But societies organized like our great cities are unjust in almost the opposite way. They are indifferent to the individual unless he happens to range himself under one of several appropriate categories. Thus the police can batter the most innocuous of mortals, under cover of the third degree, without so much as raising a disturbance among other people in the apartment house where the victim resides. There is just one group which, if conditions are favorable, will set every citizen's ear to cocking gingerly. Mayor Walker outlined it by a process of elimination when he suggested to assembled representatives of civic and business associations that joining hands to keep inspectors straight would be an excellent thing. Nobody was particularly worried over—or by—the inspectors. What was really disturbing great masses of people was the thought that while times were hard and a dollar elusive, eminent servants of the municipality were getting magnificent and shady rewards for services rendered. The Mayor deftly tried to turn the pack to another scent. We doubt his ability to succeed. The public no longer scrutinizes its neighbors. It keeps an eye only on its exemplars—the politically eminent, the theatrically prominent, the illustrious clergy, the scions of the rich.

In practice we have, therefore, a legal situation which—in so far as moral issues are concerned—endorses discretion but does not supervise discretion. Generally speaking, the efficacy of public opinion as a deterrent from crime is now a myth. The problem thus created has been written about frequently and we have enjoyed reading the discussion of it in Dean Roscoe Pound's Criminal Justice in America (New York: Henry Holt)—a lucid little book which ought to find a large audience. After having pointed out the efficacy of domestic discipline, the neighborhood opinion and organized religion as supporters of the moral code in former times, the Dean goes on to say: "Obviously the hold of all these is much less in the urban, industrial society of today. The household is no longer an economic unit and there are little more than vestiges of its legal unity. There is a radical change in the policy of the law as to legal proceedings by children against parents, and domestic discipline is relaxed to a point of extinction. The neighborhood is no longer an economic unit. Large numbers of people are carried in and out of business centres every day, to live their economic lives in one place, with one set of associates, and their social lives elsewhere with different associates. One's everyday relationships are not necessarily with his neighbors. Thus we must rely on the law and the policeman for much that was once in the province of neighborhood opinion. As to organized religion, its lessened hold is manifest."

These remarks are so true that they seem trite. Yet there is a sense in which one might desirably qualify the statement concerning religion. The social importance formerly attributed to religious organizations has waned, quite true. No existing alliance between church and state is any longer genuinely real. Certainly in the United States the diversity of faiths, and the belligerent one-track mentality of some, has virtually forced ecclesiastical authority out of the legal and political foreground. Should an eminent prelate express an opinion on this or that issue, his remarks would carry scarcely any greater weight than those of a university president or a popular essayist. The only authority which now constrains anybody to do anything is the power of the police. And yet it is thinkable that Catholicism and the religions which, in one manner or another, are dissident from it, are near to possessing greater influence than has ever before accrued to them.

Formerly the authority of the Church rested to a great extent upon its legal status. Excommunication imposed a penalty which could be sensed materially, sometimes physically. The ruling of an ecclesiastical tribunal had social consequences at least as great as those which followed a civil judgment. All this has passed, but its passing was without much effect upon the voluntary desire of men and women—that wish to do good upon which the law must eventually rely—for order and betterment. Today the Church is a communion of the willing. The souls who cling to it hunger, at least now and then, for grace and personal improvement. And if grace and increasing perfection come to them through the ministrations of their faith, they will possess treasure which others will envy and society admire. This is no idle supposition. Despite much evidence seeming to contradict the statement, one may rightly declare that the influence of the Church, in this sense, is increasing. There is every reason why it should grow still more noticeably.

Unless it does, and unless the emphasis generally is henceforth placed upon the personal good will of citizens rather than upon autodidactic rulings, one sees no hope for the progress of law observance. Even a reign of terror would help us little. The opportunities to disobey are now so complex and subtle, the chance to influence the discretion of administrative authority is now so great, that democracy confronts "the natural man," once so deeply admired, with genuine fear. Today those only serve the just interests of society who work at the task of their own perfecting with fear and trembling and yet with a great joy, because the Lord God is the Father of all.

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YELLOW MEN AND WHITE

By OLIVER McKEE, JR.

Troubles and storm clouds in plenty have hovered over the foreign policy of the United States, but none have possessed the dimensions of that discrimination against the Japanese which was expressed first in the "Gentlemen's Agreement" and second in the Immigration Act of 1924. Here more than anywhere else there seemed to be discernible a threat of war. In the following paper Mr. McKee analyzes the contemporary attitude of many statesmen toward the problem. Some endeavor to correct the existing situation should undoubtedly be attempted and a satisfactory adjustment made.—The Editors.

TWO clouds have hovered over the relations between Japan and the United States in recent years. The threat of naval competition was one of them. Every time the United States laid down the keel of a new warship, the jingo press in Tokio and Osaka conjured up to their readers the vision of an imperialistic Uncle Sam, bent upon ruling the waters of the far East with his dreadnoughts and submarines; and we in turn saw in every building program approved by the imperial Diet further evidence that Japan was aiming to make herself mistress of the Pacific. The London naval treaty has put an end to suspicions on both sides of the Pacific, for during the life of the treaty each country knows exactly what ships the other can build.

Japanese exclusion has provided a second menace to peaceful relations between the two countries. By the immigration act of 1924, Congress excluded Japan from the quotas that were henceforth to govern immigration from European countries to the United States. Whether or not Congress intended to brand the Japanese as an inferior people, and to put them on a plane below the Italians, Greeks, Irish, Poles and other nationalities to whom definite quotas were assigned, is aside from the question. The Japanese have considered the legislation as discriminatory, and have felt that a blow has been dealt to their national pride. Spokesmen for the Japanese people have made it plain that they intended to reopen negotiations whenever the opportunity offered itself. Though naval competition has been eliminated as a point of friction, exclusion remains as a sore point and a potential trouble maker in the future.

Meanwhile, a shift seems to be taking place in the views of congressional leaders. Congressman Albert Johnson of Washington, a case in point, chairman of the House Committee on Immigration, who hails from a part of the country where anti-Japanese agitation has been the strongest, has indicated that he may favor placing Japanese immigration under a special quota. At best, Japan could not hope to send to this country more than 200 of her citizens a year, a number so small that it could hardly offer any threat to the racial integrity of the American people. The value of such legislation would be moral, not material. It would remove from the people of Japan the feeling that we excluded them from the quota in order to emphasize their inferiority.

For close to a generation, immigration has been the great issue that has ever threatened to becloud the friendly relations between Japan and the United States. When first the fertile lands of the Pacific coast states beckoned to the hardy and industrious peasant of Japan, thousands crossed the Pacific to win a comfortable living as truck farmers and orange growers, or as artizans and laborers. Racial conflicts soon ensued, as they invariably do when men of different race and color, and different standards of living, work side by side in competition with each other. Labor on the Pacific coast raised its voice in protest to Washington. Labor had a legitimate grievance, for the American workman was at a disadvantage when competing with his Japanese rival, brought up on a much inferior standard of living. So the American government started negotiations with Tokio, and the famous "Gentleman's Agreement" was the result of these negotiations.

The gist of the agreement was this. The Japanese government voluntarily undertook to adopt and enforce certain administrative measures designed to check the emigration of Japanese laborers to the United States. It was in no wise intended as a restriction on the sovereign rights of the United States to regulate its own immigration. If we had enacted at that time discriminatory legislation, the national susceptibilities of the Japanese people would have been grievously injured thereby, and the "Gentleman's Agreement" opened a way by which we might prevent the influx of Japanese laborers, thus providing ample protection for the workers of the Pacific coast, without taking extreme measures which would have offended the natural pride of a friendly nation.

Under the agreement, the Tokio government itself undertook to keep Japanese laborers from the United States. It refused, for one thing, to issue passports to laborers, skilled or unskilled, except those previously domiciled in the United States, or their parents, wives or children under twenty years of age. Furthermore, the issuance of passports was given over to a group of special officials at the Foreign Office, who made a thorough investigation of each application for a passport by students or merchants, in order to find out whether the applicant was really a laborer masking as a member of another class. Though the practice was not prohibited specifically under the "Gentlemen's Agreement," the Japanese government in March, 1920, put an end to the issuance of passports to so-called "picture brides." By these and other administrative meas-

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ures, the Tokio officials undertook to keep Japanese laborers out of the United States.

Over the effectiveness of the agreement there has been a sharp difference of opinion. Many people on the Pacific coast insisted that it did not succeed in stopping the flow of Japanese laborers, and that every year the Japanese colony established there was being augmented by new arrivals from the home country. The Japanese government, on the other hand, stoutly maintained that its measures were securing the promised result, citing in proof of its claim figures of the United States Commissioner General of Immigration showing that the excess of admissions over departures of Japanese from our shores, including all classes, from 1908 to 1923, averaged only 578 annually.

In 1924 Congress definitely excluded Japanese from the quota law placed on the statute books that year, a law which committed the United States to a new immigration policy. The Pacific coast had made a vigorous protest against giving Japan the benefits of the quota, and not many members in either house stood out against it. Ambassador Hanihara explained in detail the point of view of his government, in a memorandum submitted to the State Department. He spoke of the "grave consequences" which might ensue from the enactment of the legislation pending in Congress.

Two extracts from his memoranda may be cited as illustrating the attitude of the government and the people whom Hanihara represents. He says:

> It is needless to add that it is not the intention of the Japanese government to question the sovereign right of any country to regulate immigration to its own territories, nor is it their desire to send their nationals to the countries where they are not wanted. On the contrary the Japanese government showed from the very beginning of this problem their perfect willingness to coöperate with the United States government to effectively prevent by all honorable means the entrance into the United States of such Japanese nationals as are not desired by the United States, and have given ample evidences thereof, the facts of which are well known to your government. To Japan the question is not one of expediency, but of principle. To her the mere fact that a few hundreds or thousands of her nationals will or will not be admitted into the domains of other countries is immaterial, so long as no question of national susceptibilities is involved. The important question is whether Japan as a nation is or is not entitled to the proper respect and consideration of other nations. In other words, the Japanese government ask of the United States government simply that proper consideration ordinarily given by one nation to the self-respect of another, which after all forms the basis of amicable international intercourse throughout the civilized world.

In another memorandum he says:

> It is not denied that, fundamentally speaking, it lies within the inherent sovereign power of each state to limit and control immigration to its own domains, but when, in the exercise of such right, an evident injustice is done to a foreign nation in disregard of its proper self-respect, of international understandings or of ordinary rules of comity, the question necessarily assumes an aspect which justifies diplomatic discussion and adjustment.
>
> Accordingly, the Japanese government consider it their duty to maintain and to place on record their solemn protest against the discriminatory clause in Section 13 (c) of the Immigration Act of 1924, and to request the American government to take all possible and suitable measures for the removal of such discrimination.

For six years the 1924 act has controlled the flow of immigration to American shores. While both the Executive and Congress have considered Japanese exclusion a closed issue, the people of Japan still feel that a stigma of inferiority has been placed upon them, and public officials have made it plain that they were only waiting a favorable opportunity to reopen the matter through negotiations. To illustrate how strongly they feel on the matter, many wealthy Japanese give the United States a wide berth when they travel abroad. "If Americans feel that way about us," they say, "why should we go to America?"

If any move is to be made in the matter, the initiative must properly come from the Pacific coast. It is in the states beyond the Rockies that Japanese immigration is an economic and social problem of the first order. It was the Pacific coast that brought about the "Gentleman's Agreement," and it was the Pacific coast that lent the main impetus to the drive that debarred the people of Japan from the benefits of the 1924 immigration quotas. If any congressional spokesman proposes to take the lead in Congress, he must have the support not only of the bulk of his colleagues from the Pacific coast states, but also of the labor unions and other organizations once opposed so strenuously to including Japan under the quota system.

To raise the issue again without the full backing of the Pacific coast might indeed have consequences little short of disastrous. If Congress were to debate the question of letting Japanese in under the quota, and then vote the proposal down, new fuel would be added to the fires that have been smoldering ever since Ambassador Hanihara made his strong, if unsuccessful, protest to former Secretary Hughes. Until they have evidence, therefore, that the Pacific coast really wants to correct what many now feel was an unnecessary slap in the face to Japan, any action by congressional leaders would be both premature and dangerous.

Whatever the views of the administration—and it may be taken for granted that it knows how Japan feels—it must of course wait for Congress to act. The duty of the Executive is to enforce the laws enacted by Congress, and the 1924 act is still in force. If Congress finds a way to right the injustice of that law, and to give to Japan the same privilege of sending immigrants here under the quota that other countries enjoy, it will have acted to remove what has been the biggest point of potential friction between the two countries. However it can only do so if sentiment on the Pacific coast has radically changed in the past six years.

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TEACHING GOD

By EDWARD F. MURPHY

IF THERE is a God, how He must hold His sides with laughter when intellectual fleas (and who ranks any higher?) stand on their hind legs and talk right up at Him! But if there is no such Being at all and religion amounts, according to Mencken, merely to "one of the greatest inventions ever made on earth," then what a waste of energy and ink the critics of divinity keep making!

However, the idea of God appears to be to the mind what air is to the body. One cannot get away from it and, breathing it out, immediately experiences the necessity of somehow drawing it back in. Atheists, for instance, make a god of godlessness and a religion of irreligion; materialists have to add to matter all the powers they subtract from the deity; but most of our up-to-date illuminati, too smart to be too inconsistent, prefer not to deny God but to be just foolish enough to tell Him a thing or two.

As a form and exercise, if not an evidence, of superiority, criticism is perfect and hence will always be popular. Nothing can conquer a sense of mediocrity and puff a man up more surely than the art of giving pointers to the Supreme Being. Nowadays it is rather the rage. For example, it is easy, closing the eyes, to recall George Arliss as the rajah in The Green Goddess and hear him commenting on the starry illumination of the sky as "a little ostentatious"; or suavely declaring, "Think of the Maharajah up yonder who night after night whistles up his glittering legions and puts them through their deadly punctual drill, as much as to say, 'See what a devil of a fellow *I* am!' " That remark is typical of a thought-trend which one finds repeatedly in our present literary output. God has much to learn and should go to school. Man can qualify to be His teacher!

The artist is assumed to be a builder of better worlds than the Creator himself: worlds of fancy which are at once a lesson and a reproach to reality and Providence. Art is interpreted as a golden release from the gloom called life. True, it is granted that there are other escapes; but all save art are the paths of dalliance, leading only to disappointment and regret. Now, quite beyond the world of dreary reality and its lying side-lanes, the artist, with the magic of pen or brush, creates for us a land of illusion, overflowing with the milk and honey of adventure and romance. In this, art is super-divine, and God is grandly invited to learn from it. The stars—those gems of elusive perfection, no matter how "ostentatious" the rajah regarded them—smile down the while.

At first, it seems odd that any serious publisher or magazine would sponsor, except as a satire on the mind of Greenwich Village, a conceit which, however smart in sound, absurdly makes the Potter beholden for knowledge and inspiration to the clay. But then, in partial understanding, one hastens to recollect that, outside Catholic and orthodox Protestant circles, God is Evolution, the Great Unachieved, and the Future Perfect. To the many who mistake philosophers for philosophy, philosophy for theology, Darwin for Genesis, the Being of Beings must be growing and developing all the time, just like man, His miniature. God is the sum-total of the world's progress. From such gratuities, a belief in the preëminence of art readily buds. If God is conditioned by the individual as the very unit of his being, why may not human artistry teach divinity? Since each of man's senses illumines his brain, then each of God's creatures can enlighten the divine mind.

Thus the idea of man's genius as a model for God's mind to aspire after can be a bit explained; but, naturally, it is miles and miles from being proved.

There is something sportive in a literary evolution that reached its best in Shakespeare over three hundred years ago and today, at its possible worst, talks about tutoring God. What is progress anyhow, if its flow be backwards? The immortal William could see something more than prideful display in the heavens "all inlaid with patens of bright gold," and much more than a trained monkey in the noble piece of creation that is man. A humble modern poet was reverently impressed that only God could make a tree; but the up-to-date artist-critic endows himself—as much beneath Shakespeare, perhaps, as Shakespeare was below the moon—with a mind to give God pointers. We should not be surprised soon to learn that self-confident bohemians are preparing a series of lectures for "the wide-eyed cherubim." Why not? Perhaps the Creator is unaware that there is too much space wasted in the universe, or that the heavenly bodies might be more tidily arranged. No doubt some of the sky-lights are too dim and could well be supplemented with electricity; while the aurora borealis might be brought nearer to Boston where it would be appreciated.

Ah, no; the critic, as a teacher and rebuker of Providence, would now go so far as his theory. By ignoring or rejecting the absurdities flowing logically enough from his free assertions, he saves his academic skin. After delivering himself of the extravagance of teachership to God, he conveniently inclines to forget it and to hold that your artist creates, neither for divine or human benefit, but always to please himself. Yet the most yawning student of Elizabethan literature recalls that the Bard of Avon wrote with an eye keen to the pleasure of his public and, when he could afford it, pleased himself by retiring and giving his talent a good rest: nevertheless the modern creation is a pigmy alongside Lear and Macbeth.

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To be sure, the critic, loyal to the American dollar, if to nothing else, hastens to admit that, over and above the satisfaction of self-expression, a little compensating cash is always acceptable: to which the shades of Samuel Johnson and Charles Dickens would strenuously agree. But he insists that primarily the artist works to please himself—and gain undying fame. (As if fame were not essentially in relation to one's fellow-beings.) Such discrepancies, however, are rather slight in a mentality that presumes to start out only a little higher than Olympus. It can well afford to descend.

More serious is the assumption, on which the idea of man's art as God's inspiration rests, that all great artists are romanticists. This would sweep some of the world's most illustrious names in letters, which stand for realism, into the discard; and all because the critic, over-enthusiastic for the romantic element, neglects the truth that more real gold may often be found in the mines of reality than in the realms of fancy, and that the doings in one's own backyard can be pictured with quite as colorful a fascination by the pen of genius, as the high seas or the renaissance Italy and Spain of Sabbatini. Realism, in the hands of a genuine artist, may attain to transcendence.

If the title of artist were withheld from the extreme realist whose specialty is mire and whose descents are as faithless to life as the flights of the extreme romanticist, it would be well; but it would also be a boomerang. A weapon against such realism strikes back at the too fervent advocates of romanticism themselves, who stand at the opposite pole.

The novel, and this is the literary form that the upholders of human blue-prints for God's enlightenment have mostly in mind, is an expression of life. To paint the picture too drably or too fancifully is to trifle perhaps brilliantly, but still to trifle. Peter Pan is for children, old and young; and Zola, at his worst, for pathologists. The facts of life, garnished, if you will, with romance, are normally the food for the normal man in his novel-reading. Writers who lead the adult mind too far into the land of the lotus may be traitors. The test of a good book, as Doctor Johnson would have it, is its power to enable us to enjoy life or to endure it; not, as the present-day romantic critic believes, to escape it. If ours is a world of duty and destiny, novels that usurp the purposes of poetry and dishonestly draw our thoughts and interests too far from reality may not be called the best; for misrepresenting the facts of life, they disqualify us to some degree for living; and live we must, until that only real escape, known as death, presents itself.

Not that novels may not expand or exalt the mind and heart. They may and should and must; for a faithful presentation of life is necessarily illuminating and helpful. But not by stuffing us with idle dreams, so much as by awakening us to a realization of the truth of beauty and the beauty of truth. Not by beguiling us with tainted fancies, but by stimulating us with fact. Life is to be lived and directed; not escaped. A bad book may be good enough for the author—at least it purges him; but it poisons or drugs the reader, and to that extent is false to life.

And, too, the joy of release which the champion of art stresses is largely a fiction. "Those who reject the battle," somebody has well said, "are more deeply wounded than those that take part in it." It must be anticipated that the individual who keeps cruising on the Argo and seeking the golden fleece will sooner or later lose his forty-dollar-a-week position. If he chooses Helen of Troy for his affinity, the far less lovely wife of his bosom will proceed to demonstrate that "hell hath no fury like a woman scorned." Should he linger too long in the land of make-believe, his household effects may presently decorate the sidewalk. Sad indeed is the man who interprets life as a romantic dream and suddenly awakes to reality. Weakened for living by his diet of romance, he sees that such fancies as Medusa, and Scylla, and the Sirens who leave only the bones of their victims to bleach in the sun, have become facts.

Passing strange it is, in fine, that romanticists who can weave whole tapestries with their imaginations, are unable to behold more in the world of reality than "a gray and monotonous corridor." Still stranger it is that they can bring themselves to forget it is out of the fibre of reality that their talent draws the many-colored threads of which literary Gobelins are made. And strangest of all seems the fact that, producing works which even they themselves must know to be imperfect and below the standards of past masters, they should even think of teaching and directing Him who in the whirlwind demanded: "Where wast thou when I laid the foundation of the earth? Declare, if thou hast understanding, who determined the measure thereof, if thou knowest. . . . Or has thou an arm like God? And canst thou thunder with a voice like Him?"

Feathers

The gold forsythia's bright-curled fronds
Lash out their long incredible wands
And withes of feathering greenness fall
And flow, a tide, along the wall;

The mill-stream's plumy water rides
White-feathered, down the stone's hid sides,
And down the sharply azured sky
Even the clouds flow feathery by,

The children down a path heaped new
Rustle and push as they go through,
Thrusting their feet through magic things,
The maple's paired dawn-colored wings;

Only the robins, sulkily
Huddling along a wind-struck tree,
Deny their feathers, sudden grown
Smooth and dun-colored as a stone!

MARGARET WIDDEMER.

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Places and Persons

WITH BENEFIT OF CLERGY

By SALLOUM A. MOKARZEL

A SMALL valiant nation that has successfully defended its faith and its liberty against the heaviest odds over an uninterrupted period of fifteen centuries, still maintains itself in its old traditions in the mountain fastness of Lebanon. These people are the Maronites, named after their patron saint, Maron, who lived in the fifth century. They belong to the Roman Catholic faith and comprise one of the Eastern Uniate churches. Their liturgy is maintained in the old Syriac, which was the spoken language of the country in the days of Christ. Their clergy has the right of choice between marriage and celibacy. They maintain a college in Rome and have been accorded many privileges by the Holy See in consideration of their unshaken loyalty to the Faith.

The Maronite country abounds with elements of the strangest romance. It is part of old Phoenicia and claims the authentic site of the city of Byblos where the cult of Astarte once saw the heyday of its vogue and splendor. Close by this city still flows the river Adonis, associated in Greek mythology with the death of the god of that name. It is the country of the biblical cedars of Lebanon and was traversed by almost all the great world conquerors of ancient times.

Two potent factors have helped the Maronites maintain their independence and homogeneity during the long succession of centuries—the ruggedness of their mountains and the guiding influence of their clergy. The impregnable nature of their mountain strongholds enabled them successfully to repel Moslem attacks for centuries, and later to offer succor and refuge to the hosts of Christian Europe during the crusades. Throughout the almost continuous internecine feuds and wars with native and foreign enemies, and the trying times following the crusades, the Patriarch, as the ranking prelate in the Maronite hierarchy, was the accredited representative of his nation in both political and religious matters. This tradition has come down unbroken. Even the chaotic conditions resulting from the world war could not alter it. Rather, the momentum which it had gathered during 1,500 years seems to have carried it beyond its natural bounds, so that the Maronite Patriarch was conceded the highly complimentary distinction of representing all the religious groups of Lebanon—Christians and non-Christians—at the Versailles peace conference.

Nor have the frequent readjustments in political alignment and the administrative changes in Lebanon during the post-war period apparently affected the prestige of the Maronite Patriarch. Bekerkey, the official seat of the Maronite Patriarch, near Beirut, is still a name to conjure with in matters affecting the political destinies of the country. We read that the president of the republic, on the occasion of his re-election, inaugurated his new term of office by paying a visit of courtesy to the seat of Maronite ecclesiastical authority. The French High Commissioner of Syria must be persona grata with Bekerkey, and is bound by tradition to call on the Patriarch to exchange expressions of good-will between France and the Maronites. Admirals of French fleets visiting Syrian waters are lacking in tact if they do not visit Bekerkey, and when the Patriarch elects to return the call he is given a salute of twenty-one guns, like the head of a state.

But during the three months of summer the Patriarch takes up his residence at Ad-Deeman, situated in north Lebanon at a short distance from the famous cedars. From the viewpoint of tradition and historical associations, this summer seat is representative of Maronite prestige and ruggedness of character. It overlooks Wadi Kadisha, or the Sacred Valley, so called because of its many monasteries and hermitages where the disciples of Saint Maron first took up their abode. I was fortunate in having the opportunity to interview the Patriarch in these surroundings while on my visit to Lebanon in the summer of 1929.

Bishop Paul Akel, secretary to the Patriarch, conducted us by the main entrance and through a labyrinth of vaulted corridors to a large reception hall whose windows on the one side opened in the direction of the cedars, and on the other on Wadi Kadisha. The furnishings were of the simplest: windows with wooden shutters but no curtains, an unpretentious divan with stationary masnads, or back-rests, running along the four walls, and a solitary table in the centre on which were a few books. The walls were also bare except for a few sacred pictures. The whole atmosphere of the place was of such simplicity as to be severe in its quiet dignity. It was in strict keeping with the traditions of extreme austerity characteristic of the Maronite clergy from time immemorial. There is, however, another reception hall on the upper floor of Ad-Deeman, furnished in a style befitting the dignity and prestige of the nation which the Patriarch represents. This is used only on the most formal occasions.

The Patriarch, a vigorous man of eighty-six and of truly patriarchal appearance, entered alone, and proceeding to the corner of the room where a large cushion was spread on the floor he squatted on it in oriental fashion, the rising sides of the divan serving as his back-rest. The lowly cushion was the Maronite Patriarch's exalted throne! I was told that he receives princes in this informal fashion. He chooses to assume this position for reasons of both comfort and humility.

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He was most solicitous for the well-being of the Maronites of America of whom there are about 125,000. "Is it not strange," he remarked that fully 50 percent of our people have now migrated to lands across the seas! We ask the Almighty to grant them the grace of persevering in the faith of their forefathers. It would be a most grievous calamity if the precious legacy which has come down to us through fifteen centuries should be lost in a generation."

Politics and economics were discussed until noon, when the Patriarch made an effort to rise. He did so slowly and with apparently painful effort, supporting himself with both hands on the edge of the divan. I was surprised that those nearer him made no effort to assist him. They stood in their places motionless and silent. Could it be that the code of manners here was so diametrically opposite to that obtaining in civilized countries where the weak and the aged are concerned? The situation getting beyond my endurance I took a step forward in the direction of the old prelate intending to proffer assistance, but a bishop intercepted, and in a quiet tone laden with despair confided to me: "His Beatitude never countenances assistance from anyone and insists on rising unaided."

Then the situation became clear to me, and as I watched the laborious efforts of the aged Patriarch struggling under the weight of his years, summoning the strength of the spirit to overcome the weakness of the body, the whole history of the valiant Maronite people, struggling for centuries against the heaviest handicaps, flashed through my mind. How symbolic was the incident! Here was the head of a nation who may be deemed old by standards of age among individuals, and here was his nation that may be deemed equally old by standards of life among nations. The chief, through sheer will power and strength of character, refuses to admit weakness and to accept aid. Will his nation act likewise? Can the action of the aged Patriarch be interpreted as a good augury? Through fifteen centuries this nation has fought enemies both of elements and of men. It has wrought the miracle of transforming a barren mountain into a smiling garden. Will it succeed in maintaining its traditions under changing circumstances which call for the same strength of character, but different tactics?

We stood for the Patriarch to pass. His gait was slow and measured and the company that followed seemed a part of a ceremonious religious procession. At a certain point at the intersection of the corridors he halted, raised his cane and tapped three times on a block in the marble pavement. To us who were strangers to the routine of this religious establishment every movement was charged with an element of mystery. The Patriarch repeated the operation again and again and before the echoes of his tapping had stopped reverberating through the vaulted corridors he proceeded in the direction of the dining-room. Then the mystery was cleared. The tappings were the equivalent of the dinner bell, and at their sound doors opened on various corridors and numerous bishops, priests and secretaries joined the imposing procession.

After lunch I asked for an autographed photograph of His Beatitude and he conducted me to his private room. Its austere simplicity surprised me. All the personal luxury that the powerful Patriarch of the Maronites enjoys is a plain iron bed, two chairs and an apology of a wardrobe. The nearest thing to luxury in the furnishing of his room was a prie-dieu.

Twice while I was in the Patriarch's room official papers were brought to him to sign, and on both occasions I observed the same surprising characteristic. No matter how long the document, he never affixed his signature to it until he had read it through.

Then Bishop Akel took us for a tour of inspection through the building. Up the grand staircase we went to the main reception hall which, though not yet completed, gave indications of great sumptuousness. A corridor led to the roof of an extension building from which we could admire the elaborate new chapel under construction. But from this vantage point a view could be had of something greater than man could ever build—the Sacred Valley, with its many natural temples, winding its way in a majestic sweep to the hill on which nestles the grove of the cedars of Lebanon, called the Holy Cedars of the Lord. . . .

How the Maronite clergy of Lebanon are watching over the destinies of their people, in the manner traditional in that biblical land for fifteen centuries, was graphically illustrated to me that same afternoon when I visited Bcharri. It is the highest point of habitation on the road to the cedars of Lebanon, nestling snugly on a ledge of the mountain at an altitude of 1,230 meters. My visit coincided with the inauguration of the service from the hydroelectric project of Nahr Kadisha, or the Sacred River, an undertaking 100 percent native in construction, operation and control. It was brought about by the indomitable initiative and perseverance of a Maronite priest, Father Tanius Jahjah, with the wholehearted encouragement and support of his bishop, the Right Reverend Antoun Arida. Father Jahjah secured the hydroelectric concession and formed a wholly native company to exploit it in spite of the harassing impediments of foreign interest. Bishop Arida consented to act as president of the company on the representation that he was accelerating the economic rehabilitation of his people. Later, in spite of continued foreign opposition, he inaugurated a cement-manufacturing industry. The success of these undertakings is due to the implicit confidence the people have in the disinterested leadership of their priests.

For fifteen centuries the Maronite clergy had guided the destinies of their people in religious, social and political matters. Now they are leading them into the fields of economic enterprise on the modern principle of collective effort. The success already evident denotes both the fine quality of the leadership and the benefit of the people's implicit confidence. It is an example of an ancient practice working successfully today.

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BRUCKNER THE GREAT

By KARL SCHAEZLER

IMAGINE a man, short and squat of figure, elegantly dressed in a fashion which has never existed, whose face is of irregular contour but lighted by singularly brilliant and candid eyes. You might well suppose he had been a fairly prosperous farmer or (as his physician once expressed it) "a farm superintendent grown gray in honorable service." His conduct often seems to accord with some such supposition. There is no polish in his manners; his speech is a popular dialect—the broad comfortable diction of upper Austria; and his chief pleasure of evenings is to enter some tavern and drink off one glass after another. Finally, if we were in a position to cast a glance at his bookshelf, our general impression of the man would not change greatly. There are only four titles and none of them is interesting.

This man, outwardly so little noteworthy, was Anton Bruckner, the composer, of whom no less an individual than Richard Wagner could say with complete justice, "I know only one man having the stature of Beethoven; and that one is Bruckner." This was the master whose Eighth Symphony has been termed "the crown of music in the nineteenth century."

It is almost a general rule that genius should fail of appreciation at the start. And Anton Bruckner, whose fame and popularity have increased rapidly in Germany during the two most recent decades, was (all things considered) not appreciated during his lifetime. Some slight proof of this statement may be seen in the fact that he never experienced the pleasure of hearing even a première of two of his illustrious nine symphonies. This misunderstanding cannot be accounted for entirely on the basis of the art politics which dominated Vienna in the age of Wagner and Brahms. Nor can it be explained by referring to the discrepancy between the man's outward appearance and his intrinsic significance, even though one of the most prominent musicians of Bruckner's age was led to describe him as "half a genius and half a tramp." That he was all genius should have been evident to even the remotest connoisseurs of music from the circumstance that Bruckner's composition was "modern" already at a time when he could not have come into contact with modern art. Possibly the best proof of his autochthonous power is the depth with which he submitted to authority, to *the* authority of Wagner, then at the height of his glory, without permitting himself to be influenced in any essential way by Wagner. For although he ultimately adopted some of the musical devices of Wagner, that which he expressed through them was always Bruckner, and nothing but Bruckner.

We are led to feel that the real reason why the majority of his contemporaries did not understand him was this: he had something to say with which they were not acquainted and his form corresponded so exactly with his matter that it could not be properly measured by the rules of classical form. This content of Bruckner's music also solves the riddle of how so modest a man could create such tremendous works, the effect of which is dependent on no people or no time—and how he whose human nature was utterly non-problematical could introduce into his symphonies the most titanic combats of spirit which have ever been expressed in music. Meanwhile, he himself was not wholly conscious of the fairy world which he created. But he was supported by an idea to which he surrendered completely and which absorbed him entirely and worked through him. This idea was his religion. History knows of no other master excepting Dante whose work was so entirely determined by religious insight. Yes, one could even venture this formula: Bruckner's music is the most Catholic music of recent centuries, the word Catholic being used here in its widest sense and with no confessional import because there is no such thing as confessional music.

Broadly speaking, his work may be divided into a first period devoted to church music and a second period of symphonic composition. This does not imply, however, that he lost devotion to the Church in abandoning the field of church music. The facts were that in his later period he needed the more complex apparatus of the large modern orchestra, for which the church was no appropriate place, and that he felt the presence of any text whatsoever as an obstacle to the flight of his imagination. His field was absolute music and it is well to bear in mind that however much of the spiritual content of his work may be super-musical it was never expressed with extra musical means, as is so often the case in programmatic composition. Finally, his activity as a church music composer may have been lamed through the absence of any spur to his effort. During virtually twenty years he had been a cathedral organist and as such had made himself one of the most notable instrumentalists of the continent, having, during the course of international competition held in France, left all his rivals far behind him. Indeed in the improvization of fugues in strict accord with the canon he probably has no equal since Bach. During his period of activity as a practical organist he wrote three great masses for liturgical purposes. These were produced in accordance with his intentions, but admittedly we at present can no longer hope to use his Third Mass because of its extreme length, even though from a musical point of view it is the peer of Bach's Mass in B Minor, and Beethoven's Missa Solemnis.

As I already pointed out in an essay concerning modern church music (The Commonweal, October 9,

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1929) it is undoubtedly necessary to hold that neither artistic value nor even so childlike and mystically deep a faith as that of Bruckner's is sufficient to render satisfactory a mass composed for Catholic worship. The matter is different with Bruckner's E Minor. This is largely written in the eight-voice, a-capella style and adds no more than, perhaps, a few horns to the organ accompaniment. Its motifs remind one of the old Dutch musicians, whom Palestrina followed. The text is treated directly as well as with propriety in the liturgical sense, so that the highly respected conductor of a Scola Gregoriana, Abbot Schachleitner, characterizes this work, so impressive from the musical point of view, as an "ideal mass."

Already in his third great mass Bruckner, as we have seen, drifted away from church music and afterwards he returned only in so far as he wrote harmonies for minor liturgical texts, among them the "pearl of great price" which is his Te Deum. But nothing is more characteristic of the utterly individual position and mission of this artist of the nineteenth century than that when he turned to absolute music he began to confess and glorify his faith in God more vigorously than ever. Yes, his symphonies, especially those glorious ones following the Fifth, are more and more deeply immersed in, made more radiant by, the religious conviction of their creator. "Bruckner's symphonies are certainly the most pious which have ever been composed," says Fritz Gruninger, who has brought out a very interesting book adducing the best and most convincing evidence to reveal the metaphysical core of the personality and work of Anton Bruckner.

This attitude of the spirit naturally also determined the style. Classicism had, at the time of its loftiest development, begun to rationalize forms (as witness the strictly symmetrical structure of its melodies, the tendency to curtail harmonic possibilities, the simplification of linear rhythm through the abandonment of polyphony). Bruckner's music could not rest content with these super-refined forms which in their abnormally lucid and self-contented structure were always earthbound, because it itself was concerned with timeless and universal ideas. To give adequate expression to these demanded, of necessity, quite unusual outer boundaries. We cannot therefore be surprised that critics who based all their estimates on comparisons with the classical symphony constantly accused Bruckner of formlessness, abrupt phrasing and interminable length. Apparently invincible proof of this last criticism was the circumstance that length is often construed as being tedious because of a lack of inventive power.

But everything we have said is a refutation of these views. An artist who sees himself obliged to enlarge greatly the traditional form of the symphony in order to voice the fullness of his themes is not a victim of inventive poverty. Nor is it true to say that Bruckner wrote too learnedly for laymen's ears. He was sufficiently a master to be able to conceal the weightiest themes behind apparently easy diction. It is likewise impossible to accuse him of having been abtruse for subjective reasons. One so firmly rooted in the objective and the universally binding cannot retreat to subjective isolation. But though these objections cannot be defended on either artistic or spiritual grounds, they nevertheless indicate a genuine difficulty which is experienced by many who listen to Bruckner's music. This is a kind of fate which he shares with numerous other musicians and poets—the failure of the audience to bring sufficient strength to the assimilation of his art. Concerning it, we might earnestly suppose that it involves a far more drastic criticism of us, the restless folk of today, than of the master living in his spiritual universe.

Bruckner's music is as far above mere feelings and moods as it is above rationalism. His art simply could not be rhapsodically emotional, as is the case with so much romantic melody. Human passions are not his material and yet his music grips the heart quite as does the themes which it celebrates. One may conclude, therefore, that it was ultimately a difference of Weltanschauung which saved Bruckner from imitating Wagner. It has been said that "Bruckner wrestled with God while Wagner wrestled with the world." If he had not remained so youthfully loyal to his faith, he could hardly have maintained so absolutely his artistic integrity.

On the other hand, his interest in the exalted things of the spirit did not induce him to forget life. Such forgetfulness means the death of art. Embedded between natural and transcendent reality, active both by reason of creative freedom and obedience to laws—whether these were religious dogmas or the artistic mandates of counterpoint—he experienced and expressed the problems of the Catholic man in general. Even so, however, he likewise reaped the harvest which pleases this man: the harmonious concordance of spirit and life. All this becomes obvious if one notices how constantly melodies, reminiscent folk dances, so simple and homelike, break through or shine through his symphonies precisely when their mystical ecstacy is most rapt. How he manages to anneal these things constitutes the mystery of his personality.

Viewed from the standpoint of pure musical history, Bruckner cannot properly be inserted into the dominant line of development of great musical art. He does not belong to the romantics who at that time were almost undisputed masters of the field, and yet he also deviates from the classical norms. He is still further remote from art tendencies and isms which have appeared since his time. Accordingly Bruckner's style remains a kind of unparalleled phenomenon. There were many disciples of Bruckner but no Bruckner school, in the stylistic sense. But for a man who stood so far apart from the trivial art for art's sake principle as did Bruckner, music history was also cultural history. He was an unflaggingly devout artist in an era when it was considered good form in cultured circles

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to be at least a sceptic; an artist who clung to both absolute values and absolute forms, while the rest of the world accepted subjectivistic rebellion as originality and power; an artist who was therefore particularly apart from his time when viewed against the background of cultural history—yes, indeed, perhaps the most untimely personality of the century. This last fact is precisely the reason why we of today find access to him easier than to many who lived in his own age. Thus Bruckner becomes finally a demonstration of the cultural fruitfulness of that genuine religious intuition which transcends time.

We have got far away indeed from our point of departure. For this was, it is well to bear in mind, in order to get a bird's-eye-view of the whole Bruckner problem: an uncomely peasant-like person, apparently none too well-educated, "half a tramp". . . ?

THE EMMITSBURG CONVENTION

By CLARA DOUGLAS SHEERAN

THE International Federation of Catholic Alumnae is dedicated to a lofty service in the cause of Catholic education. It now numbers nearly eighty thousand Catholic graduates whose devotion to God and society has resulted in a religious and moral force greater in unity of purpose and strength of action than any other woman's organization. Its central aim, as outlined by its director, Monsignor Edward A. Pace of the Catholic University of America, is increased scholarship and efficiency in the faculty of every Catholic school for the higher education of women.

In creating scholarships for sisters, the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae distinguishes itself from many organizations by building mainly for its future members. The scholarships are competitive. Any sister who holds partial credit toward a degree may upon authorization of her superior take the scholarship examination prepared by the Catholic University of America under the supervision of Monsignor Pace. Awards are given in order of standing, the sisters thus choosing from the list of available scholarships the place of their residence for higher study. The awards for the year 1929-30 not only included the Edward A. Pace Scholarship at the Catholic Sisters' College, Washington, but in addition donated scholarships by Catholic Colleges and Federation chapter scholarships to a total value of $352,000.

Each separate alumnae association has to its credit one or more scholarships for students—which is, incidentally, a measure of the effort involved in the Federation work. But scholarships for sisters are a greater help to the unity and solidarity of Catholic education than scholarships for students, worthy as they are. As Mrs. Harry M. Benziger, chairman of this great education fund, has pointed out, the girl winner may or may not become a factor in Catholic education but the teaching sister is bound not only to benefit her school and pupils through many years but to affect directly the higher standard of Catholic faculty requirements.

The ninth biennial convention of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae was held at Saint Joseph's College, Emmitsburg, Maryland, from August 23 to 28. It was the alumnae of Saint Joseph's who, in 1914, organized the various distinct associations into a federation, authorized by His Eminence, the late Cardinal Gibbons. In thus creating a democracy of alumnae wherein the ofttimes over-estimated interests of parochial or local issues were counterbalanced by the vision of unified action on an international scale for the whole cause of Catholic education, the alumnae of Saint Joseph's never lost a certain maternal interest in the development of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae. This convention afforded an opportunity to express gratitude and appreciation to all sisterhoods and alumnae associations whose coöperation made the success of the undertaking. This success is attested by the fact that two Sovereign Pontiffs, the late Pope Benedict XV and His Holiness, Pope Pius XI, have given their personal approval to the Federation and its work, that papal delegates in both the United States and Canada have endorsed it and that the American cardinals and practically the entire hierarchy have enthusiastictlly encouraged it and have attended its meetings.

Under the chairmanship of Mrs. James J. Sheeran the ninth biennial convention opened with an attendance of over eight hundred at a reception in the auditorium of Saint Joseph's College, on August 23. The principal speakers were the Right Reverend John M. McNamara, auxiliary bishop of Baltimore, the Honorable Albert C. Ritchie, governor of Maryland, Monsignor Edward A. Pace, director of the federation, and Mrs. Mary Wade Kalbach, president emerita of Saint Joseph's College Alumnae. The response was given by Mrs. Mary Blake Finan, president of the Federation.

On Sunday morning a pontifical Mass was sung by the Right Reverend John M. McNamara at Mount St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg. The Very Reverend Kieran P. Moran, C.M., preached the sermon. During the afternoon a civic celebration was held at the battlefield of Gettysburg. On Sunday evening, Benediction was sung on the convent grounds at the shrine of Mother Seton whose cause for canonization was introduced at the Vatican by the late Cardinal Gibbons. Twelve hundred priests, sisters and delegates were in the procession, which could be compared only to that at Lourdes.

Formal business sessions were held Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday when the work of the administration was reported and new plans were outlined. Monsignor Pace gave the keynote address. At the session of the department of education, Miss Anne McNichols, chairman, presented the Reverend William J. F. Ruggeri, S. J., regent of Loyola, New Orleans. Miss Naomi Larkin, chairman of the department of literature, arranged an unusually interesting program with the following speakers on special subjects: Dr. Francis E. Fitzgerald on the library school, Mrs. Thomas A. McGoldrick on motion pictures, and the Reverend Joseph B. Code on the writings of Mother Seton. The department of social service, of which Mrs. Philip A. Brennan is chairman, opened the Wednesday morning session. The speakers were the Reverend E. S. Garesché of the Medical Mission Board, Sara Loughlin of the Girl Welfare Organization in Philadelphia, Dorothy Willman of the Sodality Union, and Sister Mary de Paul Cogan of Maryknoll Missions.

Election of new officers took place on Wednesday afternoon, and their installation followed the closing banquet. On Thursday morning the delegates left for Washington to visit the Mary Altar in the National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception, where the convention was formally closed. A luncheon at the Mayflower Hotel, a tour of the city and Mount Vernon, and a bridge by the Maryland Chapter were the concluding social features.

Over two hundred sisters took part in the discussions at the sessions of the sisters's section at which Sister Mary de Paul

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presided. The principal speaker was Reverend Raymond J. Campion. The Right Reverend Bernard A. Bradley, president of Mount Saint Mary's College, graciously arranged to entertain the visiting clergy, and designated several buildings for delegates who were late in securing accommodations at Saint Joseph's College. The Sisters of Charity of Saint Vincent de Paul received visiting sisters as their guests.

Maryland, land of sanctuary, was a happy and propitious scene for the Federation's meeting. This year, the centenary of the Miraculous Medal, was a propitious year. The Federation has since its inception, worked under the special patronage of Mary Immaculate and this favored title.

EVANGELINE AND GABRIEL

By WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON

NOW comes another Longfellow controversy, with the heroine of his best known poem as its subject. There is still fresh in memory that of a few years ago concerning the Village Blacksmith and the place in which his shop stood under a spreading chestnut tree, the claimants including: Medford, historic fount of distilled ambrosia; Brattle Street, in Cambridge; Uxbridge, in the Chestnut Hill district; and even the Edgeware Road on Salisbury Plain, in England. But now comes something far more complicated and with a far stronger appeal to human sympathy.

The Knights of Columbus, we are told, will presently unveil a monument, at St. Martinville, Louisiana, over the grave of Emmeline Labiche, who is said to have been the original of Longfellow's Evangeline, but whose story is radically different, in its most essential respects, from that related in the Tale of Acadie. It has recently been stated, on the authority of "the grandson of the foster mother" of the hapless heroine of Grand Pré, that while the first part of the poem is substantially correct, save for the names of the chief characters, the last part is all wrong. The story of the betrothal and expected wedding, and of the separation of the couple by the British decree of exile, is true; excepting that the two were not Evangeline Bellefontaine and Gabriel Lajeunesse, but Emmeline Labiche and Louis Arcenaux. But the girl did not wander all over New England, and go to Louisiana, and thence back to Philadelphia, in quest of her lover, and at last find him, faithful to her but dying, in the latter city, accepting her fate with a pious "Father, I thank Thee!" Instead, she first went to Maryland, and thence to Louisiana, where she found him, alive and well but faithless, being engaged to another girl; whereupon she lost her mind and died, the victim of his inconstancy.

This may be the true story. I do not know, and I have no thought of challenging it. But it is obvious that it completely repudiates the intrinsic motive of Longfellow's poem and its crowning and most exquisite incident. Indeed, had this alleged true version of the story been known to Longfellow, he probably never would have written the poem. It would not have appealed to him, but rather would have repelled him. If he had used it at all, he would certainly have rejected the latter part of it altogether; for he would have had no mind to commemorate a tale of sordid perfidy and heartbroken despair. It seems certain, however, that he did not know this later version of the romance.

For happily we know, beyond dispute, whence and how the story came to him, and in what essential form, and the circumstances of his adoption of it as the theme of his poem. It will be seen that as he heard it some of its technical details were radically different from his presentation of it, though the spirit of it was identical with that of his poem. It was, in fact, a story exclusively of Acadia and New England; and of the triumph of an exquisite and holy faith.

It was first brought to literary notice by the Reverend H. L. Conoly, a Massachusetts clergyman. He got it from one of his parishioners, a French Canadian, who related it as a piece of truthful folklore among his compatriots in New England, some of whom were descendants of the Acadian exiles. It was to the effect that a young couple at Grand Pré were about to be married when, on September 5, 1755, the summons came for all the men of the place to assemble at the church and hear a British proclamation. When they thus assembled, 418 strong, they were placed under arrest, and a few days later they and many more, in all 1,923, were transported into exile in New England and elsewhere. Among them was the bridegroom. As soon as possible, the bride set out to follow him and rejoin him in exile. For years she wandered about New England, vainly seeking traces of him; but did not go to Maryland or Louisiana or Philadelphia. Thus she spent her life until at last, when she was grown old, she found him, in some New England town, still faithful to her, but on his death-bed. The shock of the discovery, in mingled joy and pain, overcame her, and she soon followed him to the grave.

Upon hearing this story, Mr. Conoly related it to his friend Nathaniel Hawthorne, with the suggestion that he might find it a good theme for a romance. But Hawthorne was not inclined toward such use of it, being more intent upon the psychology of New England Puritanism than upon the sentiment and romance of the French in Acadia or elsewhere. He was, however, impressed with the dramatic elements of the tale, and presently arranged to take his friend Conoly to dine with Longfellow, when the story was retold. The poet, with his essentially cosmopolitan spirit, was immediately fascinated by it, and expressed surprise at Hawthorne's having declined to utilize it. "If you really don't want it, though," he said, "let me have it for a poem." With this arrangement Hawthorne was delighted, and almost on the spot Longfellow began to plan Evangeline.

That was in the fall of 1845. On November 28 of that year Longfellow began writing the poem. For a time he was in doubt concerning its title. He at first called it Gabrielle. This he presently changed to Celestine. Then Evangeline occurred to him, and he spent a day, on December 7, considering and pondering the three. Whether any one of them was the actual name of the heroine, as related in the story which Mr. Conoly had heard, does not appear; though it has been said that the name thus given was Gabrielle. It has also been said, on excellent authority, that Longfellow discarded Gabrielle and adopted Evangeline because the latter was more in keeping with the character and temperament of his heroine as he intended to portray her. Gabrielle, he said, would be a good name for the heroine of a comedy, but for one involved in pathos and tragedy, Evangeline was immeasurably more appropriate. As for Celestine, it savored too much of melodrama. He did not discard Gabrielle altogether, however, but changed its gender and bestowed the name upon the exiled bridegroom. It was not until January 8, 1846, that he irrevocably, and most happily, decided upon Evangeline.

Other duties interfered with his work on the poem, and for a year he made little progress. But he decided to extend the scope of its scenes far beyond New England, so as to make it truly national in its appeal. He knew of the "Cajans," as the descendants of Acadian exiles were called in Louisiana, Mississippi and Alabama, and therefore extended the itinerary of the

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wandering exiles to those regions. Also, he had a very vivid memory of a visit which he had made to Philadelphia, where he had strayed into the beautiful secluded grounds of the Pennsylvania Hospital, on Spruce Street, with their lawns and trees and flower-beds; and where he had seen a quaint old Catholic cemetery; and he determined to make that the scene of the final act of the drama.

He had never visited Louisiana or the Mississippi River. But on December 19, 1846, he went to see one of the popular exhibitions of that time. This was Banvard's panorama, or "moving diorama", as it was called, of the Mississippi River, which he described as "three miles of canvas, and a great deal of merit." From this and from Darby's Geographical Description of Louisiana he got most of his "facts and local coloring," with the result that the portions of his poem relating to those regions have been applauded for their truth to life. He also consulted at the Harvard library Watson's Annals of Philadelphia and the Historical Collections of Pennsylvania, with similarly fortunate results. Thus he made very rapid progress, so that on February 27, 1847, he was able to write the closing lines of the poem. It was published on October 30 of that year, and was received by nobody with greater interest and gratification than by Hawthorne, who had suggested his writing it and had brought the story to his attention; and who wrote that he regarded it "with more pleasure than it would be decorous to express." As for Longfellow himself, he testified that he owed his success to Hawthorne, "for being willing to forego the pleasure of writing a tale which many people would have taken for poetry, that I might write a poem which many people take for prose"—an epigram difficult to improve upon.

Poems and romances are usually inspired by history, when they are not sheer invention. It is the unique distinction of Evangeline that it inspired the writing of history, instead of being inspired by it. Down to that time there had been no serious attempt to investigate the history of the Acadians or to write their history in a comprehensive and satisfactory manner. But the appearance of Longfellow's poem called the attention of historians to that important but neglected field, with the result that a number of them devoted themselves to it, notably Parkman in his Montcalm and Wolfe. To have effected that, together with—for a New Englander of Puritan antecedents—his finely appreciative and sympathetic tone toward the Catholic Church and Faith, abundantly justifies Longfellow in whatever poetical license he may have exercised in his elaboration of the Tale of Acadie.

The Tree Called Ygdrasil

There is a wind in Heaven tonight which stirs
The myriad silver leaves of Ygdrasil,
Crossing the quadrants of astronomers,
Moving on waters that are strangely still.
The Tree has ripened under suns not ours
In Summerlands unfurrowed by the plow,
And the globed fruit falls down in crystal showers
From many an ancient, overladen bough.

Once the Hesperides were known; a few
Gathered the yield of that mirific soil,
Saw how the golden orchard came to be.
What season has the earth to draw us through
This network of tremendous roots that coil
Upward from darkness and from mystery!

LESLIE N. JENNINGS.

COMMUNICATIONS

SUBSTANCE AND ACCIDENTS

Brooklyn, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—On all sides there are indications of a revival in the philosophical studies. In the not very distant past, the term metaphysical was popularly associated with a form of mental activity bordering on the pathological. This attitude of contempt was not wholly undeserved. The chief offenders were the so-called philosophers. They forgot or ignored the basic principle that the source of all science, be it physical or mental, is experience; and so, many of our "leaders of thought" have bequeathed us, for a memory, tomes of what may fitly be described as so much learned lumber. In view then of this recent change of attitude, may not an unpretentious philosophical inquiry aptly find a place in a reputable popular magazine? This is my plea for the following minor contribution to the modern Critique of Pure Reason.

The problem I propose for discussion is hoary with age. Its fulness of days has contributed little toward a solution. It is still as knotty as it was in the days of its author, Aristotle. It is the problem of substance and accidents. To all orthodox Aristotelians, to the older Scholastics, and to many even among the Neo-Scholastics, this theory is dogma. It is fundamental and vital. It is precisely this appeal to what they consider objective reality, that constitutes for their system the claim to be preeminently the philosophy of realism and common sense. How far this claim may be verified, I propose to show in the sequel.

All Aristotelians and Scholastics, generally, teach that substance and accidents are the physical components of bodies. These elements are exhaustive and comprise the totality of being of material objects. The connatural, necessary exigency of substance for its accidents does not alter the physical character of these constituents. Still, they are not determined in any species; they have no separate, independent existence. In a word, they simply do not exist in the concrete. Of these two, substance is purely immaterial. It is not matter in any sense, not even by figure of speech. It is naked, nude immateriality. It is invisible, intangible, imponderable not because man has no instruments to measure it, but is all this and more, of its own intrinsic nature. Whatever it possesses of the material, of the phenomenal, of the sensible, is derived from its accidents. It is a substratum which, like the soul in man, is whole in every part of the object; it permeates and energizes the entire body. Hence the name substance. The accidents, on the other hand, inhere in the substance. They are necessary for the composite, and for concrete actuality; yet in the scale of being, they are far inferior to their partner in life; they are menials and occupy the relationship of servants to a master. They are quite secondary and accessory. Hence also their name.

How, you will ask, was such a theory encogitated? The method followed in the textbooks is this. You observe an object. You see, say, color and straightway conclude color resides in something as in a subject of inherence. You proceed with the other attributes in like manner, till you arrive at mass or quantity. Mass being an accident because perceptible by the senses, and being moreover the most gross and material of the accidents, presupposes a supporting subject which must be at least its contradictory, immaterial. I submit there is not another scintilla of evidence forthcoming if we omit that process of accidental changes which when cleverly handled is mere word-painting. The above method does not impress. Far more damaging are the implications of the theory.

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How, may I ask, can two elements which do not exist in the concrete coalesce to cause something to exist? As well say unequivocally with the Pythagoreans that abstract number is the basis of the physical universe. What kind of entity is that which has physical reality though not concrete actuality? This looks like a concrete example of that strange teaching that essence and existence are really distinct. May I say in passing that this latter seems to be postulated as the last plank to save from shipwreck, the whole edifice of scholastic cosmology. An infinite series of naughts will never make a one either in the abstract or concrete. Substance and accidents are mere *entia rationis,* figments of the mind without even a *fundamentum in re.*

Substance is confessedly immaterial, according to Aristotelians. Now, between matter and spirit there is no mean, no *tertium quid,* if we, as we must, exclude the composite, man. It will not do to invoke a different order of reality, to posit a *metaphysicum quid.* By the sheer force of logic, then, we are driven to the position, which is inescapable, of proclaiming openly and without equivocation, that material objects are really and substantially spiritual. Further we are asked to believe the incredible, and that on human faith, that mass is not of the essence of material things.

Mysteries must not be multiplied without necessity.

The expert in the philosophy of matter is the physicist who is at the same time conversant with the philosophical disciplines. He is the expert in experience.

NEO-SCHOLASTICUS.

CATHOLIC LITERATURE

Brooklyn, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—I wonder if it has ever occurred to those who bitterly condemn the Catholic laity for their lack of interest in Catholic literature, that millions of young men and women would enjoy our best writers if they were only made aware of their existence.

It is my belief that many in a position to interest people in worthwhile Catholic writing, have been deplorably lax in taking advantage of their opportunity. The fear of appearing as highbrow has been a deadly deterrent. Consider the millions of Catholic young men and women who have not had the advantage of a Catholic college education. What is being done to acquaint them with Catholic literature? Very little, I'm afraid.

I might take my own case as an example, as I believe it typical of many youths who have not had a Catholic college training.

At about the college age I became fascinated with the idealism and fluent style of H. G. Wells and the wit of George Bernard Shaw. The anti-Christian bias of these writers irritated me and disturbed my mind, but I could find no stimulating rebuttal in Catholic sources to satisfy my need. The Catholic magazines I saw were filled with pious exhortations and deadly dull sermonizing. I began to wonder if the devil had captured all the brilliant writers.

One day at Sunday Mass the pastor made a perfunctory announcement that permission had been granted a salesman to canvass the parish in the interest of the Catholic World. It was the first time I had heard of that excellent periodical. At first I thought that it was only another pious publication, very good in its way, but totally lacking in the mental stimulation I so sorely needed, but when the pastor damned it with faint praise by saying it would appeal primarily to teachers and college graduates, I thereupon made up my mind to investigate.

It was through references in the Catholic World that I made the acquaintance of those writers who satisfied my need. I found the Chesterton-Belloc antidote I craved. Becoming interested in Francis Thompson's writing, I went to the public library, but they had never heard of him. When I did get a copy of his poems it was only because I accidentally saw the copy listed in The Modern Library books. It has since amazed me when I think of how I first found his essay on Shelley. It was in one of the Haldeman-Julius little blue books!

In conversation with Catholic editors and clergy I have heard the Hilarious Hilaire dubbed as "too scholastic" and the rollicking G. K. C. damned as "catering to the intellectuals," that being the unkindest cut of all. As to Francis Thompson, the silence that meets the mention of his name is pitiful. I know many people who claim to know all about Shakespeare, Shelley, Keats and even Blake, though I doubt they read much of these authors, but nevertheless have never even heard of Thompson.

Give us than more "highbrows" if by "highbrows" we mean writers of the first class. Let not those in a position to excite interest in such writers be so timid. Remember the advice of Fathan Dan in Canon Sheehan's My New Curate:

"Better talk over their heads, young man, than under their feet. And under their feet, believe me, metaphorically, they trample the priest who does not uphold the dignity of his sacred office of preacher. 'Come down to the level of the people!' May God forgive the fools who utter this banality! Instead of saying to the people, 'Come up to the level of your priests, and be educated and refined,' they say: 'Go down to the people's level.' As if any priest ever went down in language or habit to the people's level who didn't go considerably below it."

Permit me to say in closing that I do not mean to imply that it is the clergy's job to educate the people. God knows they have enough problems of their own. I am merely calling attention to a problem which The Commonweal is helping to solve. But the point I'm trying to make is that The Commonweal is still unknown to thousands and thousands who would be only too glad to subscribe. I speak from only my own experience, both in New York and the West but I believe it typical.

W. D. HENNESSY.

HOW LONG?

Detroit, Mich.

TO the Editor:—Everyone is deploring our present business depression, unemployment, etc., but has anyone suggested a *real* remedy, or rather is it not the truth that the reason why no real remedy has been found is because the people who could supply it are not really suffering any inconvenience?

We are told that the wealth of the United States is now in the hands of a very small proportion of its millions of inhabitants; indeed, some statisticians claim that 5 percent of the people own 50 percent of our wealth, and it is quite safe to say that none of this 5 percent has deprived himself of even one cigar a day, to say nothing of extravagance and luxuries. The millionaires in all our cities, this summer, have had a regular epidemic of yacht building. True, it is probably cheaper to build a yacht now than ever before, and all kinds of good arguments can be advanced to show how philanthropic these millionaires are to keep the shipbuilding companies running, but the point I wish to make is that the man who is building a yacht cannot possibly realize the urgency for finding a drastic remedy for present conditions, as can the poor man who does

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not know where his next meal will come from. It is like watching a mosquito bite our neighbor. We are awfully sorry for him, and if near enough, would swat the mosquito, but if the mosquito tries to bite us, we begin to think we had better screen in our porch.

I recently talked to a prominent banker, who said that these hard times were a very salutary lesson to us all, yet so far as I know he has not derived any salutary effects, if sacrificing any luxuries is what he meant. Theoretically, he may not have as large an income as in 1928, but still he has not closed his summer home, has not had to sell anything which he really valued, nor has he denied himself, so far as I know, of anything for which he wishes. On the other hand, in the large bank in which he presides many, many old and young lesser employees have recently been discharged, due to a consolidation with other banks, which has enabled this institution to cut down its overhead very appreciably, and these discharged men and women are now desperately looking for employment, facing, perhaps for the first time, the horrible reality that a willingness to work, ability and necessity, will not make a market for one's services.

I am not particularly blaming the banker. He is probably giving more to charity than ever before, and he would say that he cannot hold out against the board, when wholesale dismissals are being decided upon, but if the board were considering that they could dispense with his services, he would not say it was a good thing—even though such an event would find him still a very rich man.

That is it—as long as dividends continue to come in from gilt-edged securities, the 5 percent will not feel it incumbent for any great, united effort to remedy conditions, such as we saw when this country entered the world war, in 1917.

I am not preaching Socialism because, as I understand it, the Socialist holds the fallacy that the poor man is intrinsically better than the rich man, which he is not. Indeed, I believe poverty and despair, except in very strong characters, breed more evil than do all the riches of Araby, and the only difference between the heart of the rich man and that of the poor is that the former has the power to do much more good or evil, individually, than the latter.

Perhaps, then, we can console ourselves, with the thought that when conditions reach the pass, when the 5 percent begin to feel the real sting of the mosquito, they will bring to the solution of the problem all the ability with which they are credited for having acquired 50 percent of the nation's wealth, and in endeavoring to insure a firmer grasp on it, will incidentally help the other 50 percent, who range from the men and women with small competences, to those who have only their daily work between them and their lifelong foe, charity.

MARIE L. SEYMOUR.

THE PARIS OF DU MAURIER

Hollywood, Cal.

TO the Editor:—Readers of Mr. Cuthbert Wright's entertaining article on The Paris of Du Maurier, in The Commonweal for August 6, will recall the incident of the story of Trilby. Du Maurier in the first instance offered the plot to Henry James, and Henry James accepted it. Later, Henry James returned the plot to Du Maurier, and Du Maurier wrote the story himself. I am not familiar with the literature on the subject, and Mr. Wright doubtless is. He adds to his account the comment that, "It is not on record with what courtly sighs . . . James declined the responsibility."

I venture, therefore, to explain why Henry James did return the plot to Du Maurier. Pacing the sands of an ocean beach one autumn afternoon with Henry James, I discussed with him the subject of Trilby. And in answer to my question as to why he had not undertaken Trilby himself, he said with perfect frankness, "It was because I have no musical sense. And lacking that, there would have been no Trilby."

My recollection of Henry James's account of the incident is that some days, or even weeks, elapsed between the time that Du Maurier gave him the plot and the time that he returned it. But I have only my memory to serve me and on this point I may be mistaken.

The story at first made no hit in England. It was not until the serial publication in Harper's Magazine in this country that it gained the momentum that carried it to an extraordinary success. Harper and Brothers were soon sufficiently encouraged by its prospects to offer Du Maurier $5,000 outright for the American rights.

In England, Du Maurier, who was quite unaware of the American situation, caught at the offer like a blessing from heaven. Later came the realization of the phenomenal success of the book over here, and with it, the poignant regret that he had sold for a song his valuable rights in it. By this time, the English public also had awakened to the story, and it was doing well over there.

In these circumstances, Harper and Brothers very generously offered to rescind the outright contract and to restore Du Maurier to a royalty basis. This was done, and when the valuable play rights came in their turn, Du Maurier was for a long time relieved of monetary anxieties.

FRANK H. SPEARMAN.

AS IT SHOULD BE

Cut Bank, Mon.

TO the Editor:—Feeling sure that some other fortunate reader of your review living in this isolated hinterland is going to hasten to his typewriter—if I don't—and tell you that you are a provincial easterner—if I don't—I am hurrying to do this—and more.

You comment editorially on the assignment of the Reverend Father O'Hara, now Bishop O'Hara, to the diocese of Little Falls, Montana, and then go on to say that it is far from anywhere and that the good Bishop has before him the tasks of a pioneer. Bishop O'Hara has been assigned to the diocese of Great Falls—there is no Little Falls in Montana—and his work will not be that of a pioneer. That could well be said of the retiring Bishop, Mathias Linihan, who has labored in the Great Falls diocese for more than a quarter of a century.

Great Falls is a city of around 30,000 quite civilized inhabitants and some very cultured Catholics. It has beautiful parks, modern homes and two of the best hotels between St. Louis and Seattle. It has a Catholic cathedral, two Catholic schools and a hospital—Columbus Hospital—that is doubtless the best in the West, costing around three million dollars, also an Ursuline academy that is a beautiful structure and a splendid educational institution.

Now if I were a resident of that city all this might sound like the boasting of Mr. Babbitt. My only desire is that the record be kept straight. If the esteemed Bishop had been sent to my little town, languishing in the shadows of Glacier Park's crenelated peaks, your comment would be just right, but it hardly applies to Great Falls.

DAN WHETSTONE.

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WANTED: A PLAY

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor:—Those in charge of the "Catholic Hour," sponsored by the National Council of Catholic Men, contemplate the presentation of religious and Catholic historic dramas in these weekly broadcasts, provided worthy scripts can be obtained. It is our belief that many of the readers of The Commonweal could successfully undertake the writing of the sort of dramas the need and the opportunity warrant. It will therefore be an accommodation to us and still more, we hope, an aid to a good cause if the editors of The Commonweal give publication to this wish of ours. The broadcast specifications of the scripts solicited by our committee are these:

1. The themes must be Catholic and therefore dignified.
2. The time required for the presentation of any drama must not exceed twenty minutes.
3. The cast must be restricted to six, and preferably to four persons.
4. There must be allowance for constrasts in the voices and characterizations of the actors.
5. The dramatis personnae should include women.
6. Only original plays will be considered.

The committee is prepared to award honoraria to the authors of such scripts as are accepted. Competent persons will determine the merits of the scripts submitted. Requests for additional information are solicited.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE IN CHARGE OF THE CATHOLIC HOUR.

PROHIBITED CERTAINTIES

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—In your publication, issued on August 13, there appears an article entitled Prohibited Certainties, containing the statement that "a brand of religion which simply wills that no malady exists has come to be remarkably popular." While the author of this article does not specifically mention Christian Science, it is apparent that the reference is to this religion.

In the interest of fairness, I would appreciate space in your publication to correct the inference of the statement so there may be no misunderstanding.

It was formerly quite popular to attribute the results of the practical application of the teachings of Christian Science to will-power, to mental suggestion and to other forms of mesmerism. Yet as a matter of fact none of these has any place in the practice of this religion. Christian Science treatment is prayer as all Christians are enjoined by the blessed Master, Christ Jesus, to pray in His name. The results speak for the effectiveness of prayer.

Mary Baker Eddy, the discoverer and founder of Christian Science, and assuredly an authority on this religion, says on page 144 of Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures, the textbook of this religion:

"Human will-power is not Science. Human will belongs to the so-called material senses, and its use is to be condemned. . . . Truth, and not corporeal will, is the divine power which says to disease, 'Peace, be still.'"

ORWELL BRADLEY TOWNE.

The Commonweal requests its subscribers to communicate any changes of address two weeks in advance, to ensure the receipt of all issues.

THE SCREEN

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

Abraham Lincoln

THE screen has long owed a large debt to D. W. Griffith. In the dark days, some fifteen years ago, when "a Mary Pickford subject" or a Theda Bara version of A Fool There Was represented the approximate summit of achievement, Griffith suddenly launched a new standard of motion picture production with The Birth of a Nation. A little later came Broken Blossoms. Both were pictures of extraordinary photographic beauty, in which the power of selective incident was used to heighten both character and story and to create the third dimension of atmosphere and environment. Most of the subsequent worthwhile pictures of the silent screen showed strong traces of the Griffith influence. Then came the talkies. Griffith was forgotten in the excitement of reorganizing an entire industry to meet the demands of a new form of expression. In a surprisingly short time, new values began to appear, and recently such films as Journey's End, All Quiet on the Western Front, Grumpy, and Disraeli have shown the edge of really fine workmanship. And now—along comes Griffith, the forgotten one, with a swift, exciting and richly human recreation of the life of Abraham Lincoln, proving that he, Griffith, is as much the master of the new technique as of the old, and piling up still higher the debt owed him by the screen.

Not all of the happy vitality of this new Lincoln is due to Griffith. Stephen Vincent Benét has a great deal to do with it. He wrote the screen adaptation of Lincoln's life—and that means much more in the talkies, where literary talent is again coming into its own, than on the silent screen. Characters such as Lincoln are peculiarly hard to treat dramatically. They are surrounded by so much of the solemn poppycock of legend that their human reality, in most accounts, is on a par with an animated mummy. Washington emerges from most plays and pictures as a bleached cigar-store Indian—always in full dress, never in nightgown and slippers. Probably no schoolbook story of Paul Revere will ever include the pungent item that he received due and proper payment for riding to Lexington and Concord. Lincoln, even as Drinkwater pictures him, was a sort of prayerful colossus bestriding the spaces near the zenith. Stephen Benét has done better by him, yanking him abruptly to earth, but in such a manner, oddly enough, as to increase his stature. It is something of a feat to preserve heroic proportions in domesticity, but Benét has done just that with his Lincoln, etching his crude humor, displaying his full awkwardness and yet never losing the perspective of that patient tenacity which made Lincoln, against endless opposition, the preserver of a nation and a timeless symbol.

The Benét story also avoids skilfully the dilemma generally facing the writer of historic narrative. By several ingenious devices he manages to keep Lincoln in immediate contact with dramatic incidents of the Civil War. Most writers would either have sacrificed the individual to the drama of mass action, or have drawn in the mass only as "background" for the individual. A particularly apt case of Mr. Benét's skill in weaving both aspects together is the incident of Sheridan's rallying his troops after an apparent rout. First we have Lincoln receiving the telegraphic dispatches of the battle and wondering how Sheridan, the "fighting Irishman," could possibly fail. Then we jump to Sheridan's headquarters, and soon learn the reason for the conflicting news. It is a simple device, but one which links the war incidents tightly to a crisis in Lincoln's

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management of the war and to his confidence in Grant. Incidentally, the Sheridan incident is one of the best battle pictures of an older military day that the screen has ever recorded, and it has been executed with Griffith's inimitable skill and selective power.

In general, the most pleasing success of the picture is its complete absence of dull moments. The touch of delicate comedy mingles delightfully with romance and reality. From Lincoln's birth, through his early physical prowess, his career as rail splitter, his abiding love affair with fragile Ann Rutledge, his final marriage to Mary Todd, his debates with Douglas, his astounding entry into the White House and his growing mastery of the nation's fate until his assassination, there is never a moment of monotony, nor a moment when legitimate comedy or homely incident does not sweep the story, both human and national, into full and exciting rhythm. This is, in every sense, a masterly picture, in which a superlatively well chosen cast gives admirable support to a fine, forthright and dominant character portrait by Walter Huston as Lincoln. Mr. Huston has never given a more convincing proof of his real artistry, either on stage or screen.

Hell's Angels

EXCEPT for a few periods of magnificent photography and arrangement of air battles and Zeppelin raids, this much advertised "multi-million dollar" picture is a keen disappointment. It does not compare for an instant in integrity with The Dawn Patrol—in which the Journey's End formula of "no women" was strictly adhered to. There is no obvious objection to including women in a war picture, but there is serious objection to including them for no apparent dramatic purpose.

All the early incidents of Hell's Angels concern the differing attitude toward women of two English brothers, one of whom is something of a cad and coward. One of the girls in question joins a canteen service in France—which opens up the usual trite possibilities. But all of this early and elaborate preparation fades into nothing at all, and exerts not the slightest influence on the motivations of the last half of the story. One can only conclude that the early seduction scenes are elaborately presented for their own supposed value as sex material of a flamboyant order.

Another matter which saps the integrity of the picture is the use of highly typical American actors to impersonate Oxford students and British officers. Illusion is quite as important on the talking screen as on the stage, and British accent and mannerisms cannot be copied successfully by nine out of ten American actors. In contrast to this mistake, the producers have happily used Germans for the German incidents, including the amazingly fine scenes in a Zeppelin during a dramatic raid over London. The aerial part of this picture is superb, coupling as it does fidelity to detail with a fine sense of action and drama.

Monte Carlo

JACK BUCHANAN and Jeanette MacDonald cavort and sing through interminably dull scenes in this picture, without making it either a good musical comedy or a good play. It is just one of those unhappy and illogical mixtures which will soon fade from talkie repertory. I regret to report a wholly wasted evening at what is rather astoundingly advertised as "Paramount's risqué romance of seductive boudoirs and bold barons."

Provocative Thoughts

MOST of us are so close to recent screen developments that I feel the opinions of an observer who has long been remote from talkie intrusions hold exceptional interest. I am therefore taking the liberty of quoting from a provocative letter just received from Mr. Pierre deLagarde Boal, whose work in the diplomatic service has, until recently, kept him far from the madding screen.

"Since my return to the United States," he writes, "probably because I came upon this mechanical development suddenly from countries to which it had not penetrated, I have found it exceedingly interesting. I feel that concern regarding the mechanical development of the invention has diverted attention from the possibilities for new dramatic technique which have been provided.

"For one thing, I see no reason why the audience, which is now made to ride on the back of a plane or of an automobile, cannot be drawn even further into the plot. Take for instance a book of the type of Mary Roberts Rinehart's The Door, which is written in the first person and where the action is entirely the personal experience of the individual. I should think it could be adapted to the screen in such a way that the audience would become, in its own imagination, the character who relates the story in the book, and everything that transpires on the screen would be seen by the eyes of this person and would have its relation to that character.

"I suppose this would be a sort of marriage between literary and dramatic practice. It might tend to mitigate the public's loss resulting from their reading less books (per capita) which seems to be the present trend. Perhaps that may be accounted for by improvements in the movies tending increasingly to satisfy their literary requirements by that medium.

"If you will recall a movie called The Case of Sergeant Grischa, you will remember that in the last scene, it was the audience that got shot by the firing squad, just as in the book it is the author's effort to make the reader suffer the throes of the victim. The human imagination is adequate to placing its possessor in the shoes of the character in a book through the imagery created by a reading of conventional characters. It can translate into terms of immediate familiarity, within the space of a few seconds, two gigantic heads appearing on a fifty-foot screen, or a whole ballet corps considerably less than life size, making all the necessary allowances for depth and perspective. Surely it would not be long in adapting itself to a technique such as I have suggested.

"In the more pretentious moving-picture houses, the organ is distributed about both sides of the stage, sometimes reaching some distance back of the building, so that when it is played its music surrounds the audience instead of coming to them from one quarter only. This is along the line of what I have just been suggesting. Perhaps the design of our future playhouses might extend this principle, so that the audience will really be in the midst of what is going on most of the time. Who knows but what some day its own voice, proceeding from its midst, may make vocal in the action the character which the author intends it to represent, and such effects as snow, rain, et cetera, may be extended beyond the screen by the use of projectors to bring the audience within the scope of the action progressing on the screen. To my mind, these possibilities, together with technical improvements to introduce color, depth and relief may make the movietone the paramount cultural influence of our generation."

CARTHAGENA, OHIO
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BOOKS

The Truth at Last

The Monstrous Regiment, by Christopher Hollis. New York: Milton, Balch and Company. $2.50.

THE title is from a phrase of John Knox, Scotland's Calvinist apostle, the only good thing, so far as we know, that can be attributed to that savage. Its reference is to the fact that during one decade of the sixteenth century, the religious affairs of much of western Europe seemed to be hopelessly entangled in the capricious hands of a trio of reigning women—Catherine de' Medici in France, Mary Stuart in Scotland, Elizabeth in her "merry" England. Mr. Hollis limits his contemplation of the monstrous regiment to the last, and has produced what I can only call the best general study I know on the tortuous Elizabethan period. Its tone is at once clear-cut and admirably dispassionate, and in both these qualities it suggests a work sometimes cited in its context—Oskar Meyer's England and the Catholic Church, which, though written by a non-Catholic, is conspicuous for its Catholic point of view.

And what is the Catholic standpoint applied to the religious and social history of the sixteenth century? We might as well be frank, as well as accurate, and avow that the Catholic view of the sixteenth century is usually one of lucidity opposed to confusion, of pity as opposed to hate, of international sentiment as opposed to jingoism, of calm truth often opposed to bare, systematic and sacrilegious lying.

The great example of the latter system is, of course, Froude. Literally he was great as an artist in the same proportion as he was illustrious as a liar. The present reviewer has no pretention of being a historical bloodhound, but he can recall one monstrous distortion on the part of the late James Anthony—his suppresion of the "noble and stainless" Moray's complicity in the murder of Darnley, Mary Stuart's husband. Mr. Hollis asserts that it is no longer possible to accept him as an authority at all. "The facts of history," he sometimes said himself, "are like the letters of the alphabet which by selection can be made to spell anything." It was in this spirit that he rewrote the story of the English Reformation, and most writers on the subject, many with an unscientific but disinterested sincerity, have followed his lead. This is why Mr. Hollis's book—so honest, so carefully documented, so full of comprehension and sympathy even for the enemy—is a work of the very first importance.

His own thesis of the Reformation is simply that which would occur to any honest man who had studied the question, after freeing his mind of tags and slogans, of Froudian cant, of the "Liberal" and jingo complexes and all the others. His ideal of a Christian society is one in which there is an educated clergy and an educated laity. "In the middle-ages," he says with comprehensive terseness, "the laity was not educated. By the time that the laity had become educated, the clergy had become corrupt. By the time that the clergy had reformed themselves, the laity had become irreligious." The pagan ferment of the renaissance—its hatred of religious authority, its Asiatic king-worship and gaudy nationalism—provided the appropriate seeds for the so-called "religious" revolt.

In England, under Henry VIII, the whole social tendency of the sixteenth century was toward the narrow redistribution of wealth in the hands of a few nouveaux riches who became the natural champions of the religious changes and the subsequent anti-Catholic crusade under Elizabeth. In plainer words, the restoration of Rome meant, or seemed to mean, that the great gentlemen must disgorge some of their swag. Actually they were not the subjects of the crown, but with a remarkable celerity became its master, abolishing it altogether in the next century, after cutting off the head of its anointed holder. The restoration of the monarchy was a feeble compromise, soon followed by the exile and ruin of the Stuarts, the legitimate kings. As for the advent of the Orangeman and Hanoverians, it represented no compromise at all. From 1688 on, the crown has had organized capital on its back like an Old Man of the Sea, and if one wishes to establish a legitimate parallel between the Georgian present and the Elizabethan past, one has only to read for the names of Harmsworth and Beaverbrook those of Cecil and Dudley.

By the middle of the sixteenth century, after the masterful and cunning Henry had gone to his reward, the Anglican prelates directing the religious movement were as much the slaves of the rich men as was later the poor monarchy. Cranmer, for instance, who has perhaps been too roundly abused by historians of all shades (save of course the ineffable Froude, who makes him out a major saint, a more heroic Peter) adapted his too Catholic First Prayer Book, "by the aid of the Holy Ghost," he said, but, more accurately, under the auspices of the Protector Somerset. Then Somerset gave way to a more Protestant (that is, money-grabbing) camarilla, and Cranmer was obliged to compile a second Prayer Book, the present one. This time, as Mr. Hollis says amusingly, "He was ashamed to acknowledge the assistance of any such Collaborator."

The enslavement of the natural governors of England to the same suspect and cunning coterie was even more extraordinary a few years later, under Elizabeth. Once recognize this fact and everything that is shameful and obscure in her reign becomes clear—the persecution of the Catholics, the murder of Mary Stuart, down to the distracting dissimulations and vacillations of the queen herself. It would be far-fetched to say that Elizabeth was no more a free agent than the present English king—far-fetched but not too far. There were moments when feminine wilfulness, a taste for domination or a motive of mere honor flamed up in her, as when she told the unspeakable Cecil that she had raised him out of the dirt, and could return him to his natural element when she chose, but such moments were rare and of brief duration. For the greater part of her long reign, Elizabeth was content to play the rôle of deceitful discretion at the expense of valor and often of common honor.

CUTHBERT WRIGHT.

An Honest Man

Roger Williams, Prophet and Pioneer, by Emily Easton. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.00.

THIS is not a new biography in the sense that it aims to dethrone Roger Williams from a deserved pedestal as one of the sectarian refugees in seventeenth-century New England who believed in toleration. There is no attempt to portray a "new and true" Williams, but there is a fulfilled desire to tell in detail the life and times of the author's hero. Readable enough, the style is not especially animated. This may be in part due to the dullness and modern insignificance of Puritan religious controversies and the drab character of the primitive, humdrum people with whom Williams was cast. His life among the Indians lacked the fire which one finds in the Jesuit narratives, and Miss Easton's pen fails to give a touch of that spirit which one expects in pioneers if not in prophets.

En passant, it is unfortunate that the author's erudition or limitation of Roger Williams's breadth of view did not prevent

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unnecessary references to "Bloody Mary" and assumption that Henry VIII put the Bible into the churches, that 1,500 copies of the Bible each year in the late days of Elizabeth guaranteed circulation among all the people, and that the publication of King James's version concluded Elizabeth's work of putting the Bible in the hands of the people. The number of non-conformists in Elizabeth's reign appears large, and it may be possible to stress non-conformist courage to the breaking point.

Williams was born about 1602 in the region of Smithfield, baptized in old Saint Sepulcher's church and educated at the Charterhouse school as a protégé of the famous jurist, Sir Edward Coke. From Charterhouse the youth went to Pembroke College, Cambridge. On completion of a course in theology, he apparently subscribed to the religious tests and became a chaplain at Otes in Essex, the seat of Sir William Masham. Here he became acquainted with his later rivals, John Cotton and Thomas Hooker, two silenced ministers, learned of the affairs of the Massachusetts Bay Company of which Sir William was a member, and gained the reputation of being "divinely mad." At any rate he became enamored of Jane Whalley, whom he allowed to be too socially superior for a man of his slim estate and mean outlook. Later he married Mary Barnard, a lady-of-waiting in Sir William's service, and within a year (1630) sailed from Bristol to Boston. Already a separatist, he had given up hopes of preferment through Coke because his conscience was too tender for even the nominal conformity demanded of men who would rise in church and state.

But in Boston he was disappointed. He found the church intolerant, the Prayer Book in use, and an interlocking directorate of magistrates and clergymen who rigorously ruled both the godly and the ungodly. Salem would have called the independent preacher but feared the court at Boston. So Williams went to Plymouth for two years. He was not a recognized minister but he "prophesied" regularly before the separatists as he worked the fields with a hoe for his daily bread. Here he came to appreciate the Wampanoags and the Narragansetts who later welcomed the missioner whom his fellow-nonconformists would not tolerate.

Objectors in Plymouth feared that his radicalism would lead to Anabaptism, but Williams could not be silent. To him worldly prosperity counted for nothing if gained by a sacrifice of principles and views. He noted no persecution in the plantation, but he found that church and state were not separated and he questioned the land titles of his neighbors, who conveniently found him disloyal to the king. And Williams went to Salem, where he continued unfalteringly his spiritual denunciations and admonitions. He soon learned that neither free speech nor free thought would be permitted. Summoned before the court on various occasions, he was convicted of dangerous opinions. He had denied the control of magistrates over religious offenses. He had termed English churches anti-Christian. He objected to placing an unregenerate man under oath. But above all, he denied the royal right to give Indian lands to English settlers. He believed that the natives should be recompensed. Even his pipe seemed an offender against sobriety. The Salem church was forced to disavow his errors, if it desired representation in the general court. Williams was given six weeks to leave the jurisdiction of Massachusetts; but as he continued to teach in his house, it was determined to ship him to England. So he fled in the wintry night to the more charitable red men.

In the land of the Narragansetts, he founded Providence Plantation for which he later obtained a charter. His was a tolerant democracy and he himself was never more than one of the governing proprietors. He labored in the fields, published A Key into the Language of America, and wrote bitter religious brochures, as The Bloudy Tenent of Persecution for the Cause of Conscience. He welcomed exiles from the Bay Colony. He aided the Puritans during the Pequot War by acting as an interpreter and mediator. He kept the Narragansetts and Mohegans from going on the war path. But the Puritan hostility for Williams was hardly softened. He received the Quakers without approval and assaulted their founder with a pamphlet, George Fox Digg'd Out of His Burrows. His last service was in King Philip's War. Retired, he lived with his son Daniel until he died in 1683 leaving numerous descendents and a people who soon ceased to practise his broad toleration and democracy. He died as he lived, a seeker, not a Baptist. He was not a great man but an honest man who by chance founded, like Baltimore, a plantation where men tolerated the religious practices and principles of their fellow-settlers.

RICHARD J. PURCELL.

Dark Ages

The Decline of the Medieval Church, by Alexander Clarence Flick. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Incoporated. $12.50.

AS CONCEIVED by Dr. Flick, the decline of the mediaeval Church may be traced through four great movements: the Babylonian captivity, the Great Western Schism, the great reform councils and the renaissance. Taking as his point of departure the end of the thirteenth century, he describes in detail the progressive steps in the failure of the Church to maintain the position of preëminence to which it had been raised by the genius of such Popes as Gregory VII and Innocent III. Two centuries intervened between Boniface VIII and Martin Luther. Dr. Flick makes it clear that a catastrophic upheaval such as the Lutheran revolt would have been unthinkable and impossible at the beginning of the fourteenth century: it became a reality in the sixteenth. None of the four great movements which the author discusses with such minuteness and elaboration would in itself have been sufficient to shake the solid foundations on which the Church rested when Boniface commenced his tragic pontificate, but coming one after the other and gradually undermining the faith and loyalty of the peoples of Europe, they loosed forces, which, though operative for a long time within the Church, became elements of destruction when unified and directed from outside in the form of Protestantism. These forces—intellectual, moral, social and political—were the expression of a new conception of life and religion and did not finally run their course and receive ultimate form until, as Dr. Flick concludes, they became actualities in Luther and the Protestant revolt on the one hand, and in the Counter-Reformation and the Council of Trent on the other.

The author sticks very close to his thesis. He undertakes to point out the causes which transformed the ecclesiastical world of the thirteenth century into that of the sixteenth. Such a transformation was not brought about without arousing rancor and causing destruction. Two sets of forces were in conflict—the conservative and what the author calls the modern. The final result was a victory for the new—the modern—as against the old—the mediaeval. The triumph was not, as the pages of this work make clear, so much a vindication of the inherent merit of the new ideas over the old, as a demonstration that the upholders of the old were incapable of freeing themselves from the incubus of accumulated abuses in morals, administration and law. The picture of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries in their ecclesiastical aspect, as presented by Dr. Flick,

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is decidedly a gloomy one. The lives of the clergy from the highest to the lowest come in for unqualified condemnation, while the morals of the people and the laxity and corruption in Church and state cried out for remedy and reform that never came or, at least, came too late to maintain the status quo.

Except for the manner of presentation there is very little in the book that is new. In the accumulation of the findings of many writers, principally German, and the arrangement of these findings in a manner to show that catastrophe was the inevitable outcome of the conditions that had arisen in the Church, the author has drawn up what is, perhaps, the most serious arraignment in the English language of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. His general conclusions would have more weight for the average reader were more attention paid not only to statements of fact but to the proofreading. To catalogue the many questions that arise in regard to the author's assertions would far exceed the limits of any reasonable review. As an example one would like to know more about "the new type of repentance called *attribution,*" or that *predominate* event in Boniface's pontificate—his conflict with France. From the table of contents, where there is reference to the Bull, *Ausculti* Fili, to the last pages where mention is made of *Bandrillart,* typographical errors, usually in words from foreign languages, occur with a frequency altogether out of keeping with the character of a work so pretentious as this.

PATRICK J. HEALY.

Missionary Statistical Record

Missiones Catholicae. Vatican City: Tipografia Poliglotta. 60 lire.

THE Vatican publishing house has recently issued a 575-page volume in which for the first time an official record of the missionary movement dependant from the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda Fide is published.

The survey is based on figures as reported on June 30, 1927, and although the volume has just been issued it contains the most recent available data for the missionary field as a whole. A general survey had been attempted by Arens in France in 1925, reporting figures for the years 1923-24, but it naturally lacked a great many data published for the first time in the official report, which it is hoped will be revised from year to year forming an exact and exhaustive reference book for all studies in this particular field.

In examining the carefully tabulated figures we learn that on June 30, 1927, Propaganda Fide had a missionary force consisting of 163,615 individuals among whom were 281 bishops and 91 prefects apostolic. The clergy, consisting of 12,952 members, reported 8,039 missionaries from many lands, listed simply as foreigners, besides 4,305 natives of the various missionary territories, most of these graduates from the missionary schools; for 609 priests no separate distinction was made. The missionary brotherhoods reported 3,222 foreigners, 1,317 natives and 574 members of whom the nationality was not mentioned. The missionary nuns have made notable progress in enlisting native members: out of a total of 27,392 the natives reported at 11,399.

For the first time figures are given concerning the medical service employed by Propaganda Fide. A medical staff of 226 doctors and 855 trained men and women nurses are divided among 691 hospitals and 1,848 medical dispensaries. Eighteen colonies for leprosy are further supported. The nursing nuns and brotherhoods are not listed in this number, although their work is directed by the missionary medical staff.

The Catholic population in the fourteen different sections outlined by the report numbered 13,345,373 souls, the figures for 1927 showing an increase of 479,995 souls as compared with those reported on the same date in 1926. To this number 1,307,194 catechumens can be added. The figures do not include the territories of Australia and New Zealand which, although dependant from Propaganda Fide, have an autonomous ecclesiastical jurisdiction.

The most numerous missionary fields are in Asia, where the work is distributed among a Catholic population of over six million. Africa follows with 3,402,993. The few remaining territories in North and South America have a population of 2,280,541. The balance is distributed among European and Oceanic countries. The missions own 42,853 separate churches and chapels of which only 6,100 or about 13 percent, can accommodate more than 500 people.

It is very generally believed that in no field will the new political status of the Church have so far reaching an influence as in the development of missionary service. Whatever their country of origin, or the nationality of the individual missionaries all are organized and directed by an international congregation such as Propaganda Fide, receiving their passports and spiritual guidance from the head of an independent and sovereign state, which because of its pecuilar nature and character lives outside all national competitions. The purely religious character of the Catholic Missionary Service has therefore become particularly apparent.

IRENE DI ROBILANT.

Today and Tomorrow

The Autocracy of Mr. Parham, by H. G. Wells. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company, Incorporated. $1.00

IF THE adage, "There is many a true word spoken in jest," were applied to Mr. H. G. Wells's recent novel, there would be serious import in the gorgeous burlesque which he has unfolded. For Mr. Parham represents the historic, the traditional, way of doing things. A lifelong student and exponent of history and philosophy, "It was a trouble to his mind to feel how completely out of tune was the confusion of current events with anything that one might properly call fine history or fine philosophy . . . . A strange persuasion in his mind arose and gathered strength, that round and about the present appearances of historical continuity something else quite different and novel and not so much menacing as dematerializing these appearances was happening." Into the task of averting such disorder he plunges himself. Yet Mr. Wells's novelistic jest is barbed with the conviction that Mr. Parham, history, the historian, should be scrapped. The serious import would be that Mr. Wells, himself a historian—at least he has The Outline of History—advocates scrapping himself.

Seriously, of course, he advocates nothing of the kind. The reader must fall back on the explanation that Mr. Wells is spoofing for the sake of spoofing—an accomplishment which he carries off with tremendous success. His device for raising Mr. Parham from his classroom to the position of Lord Paramount, dictator of England, is not as effective as those he employed in The Time Machine nor in The War of the Worlds but it suffices. Thereafter the finest Wellsian characteristics can be noted in every page. In certain passages, particularly in the description of the battle of the North Atlantic, the author out-Wells Wells. And many pages would have to be thumbed to discover such perfect travesty as that which occurs when the English meets the Italian dictator.

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Mussolini is not the only European statesman who is parodied. Probably there will be many on the other side of the water who will find Mr. Wells jocose more disturbing than Mr. Wells serious. Mr. Ramsy McDougal, Mr. Philip Snowfield, Sir Osbert Moses, Mr. St. George, Mr. Baldmin, Sir Austin Chamberland, Lady Asper, Mr. Harold Samuel and Sir Wilfred Jameson Jicks are all presented as members of the House of Commons which falls before England's bloodless revolution. Even Mr. Chanson, the American ambassador to London disguised more effectively by his pseudonym, is easily recognizable. And the American President's note to England, penned in the hope of averting war, is a typical state document along the lines of the public utterances of our Mr. Hoover.

JOHN GILLAND BRUNINI.

Internationalism

This World of Nations, by Pitman B. Potter. New York: The Macmillan Company. $4.00.

THE author states in his foreword that he has been accused of being too "legalistic" in his outlook upon international affairs, to which he replies in this new volume, that he has endeavored to present the "institutional and procedural aspects of international affairs," which of course does not answer the previous criticism that in his former writings he has stressed the "legalistic outlook" of international relations.

At a Colonial Conference during the Bannerman-Asquith régime, Mr. Alfred Deakin took exception to the continuous use by Mr. Winston Churchill of the word "taxes," Mr. Deakin holding, as did most of the Australian delegation, that any money-charge, demanded at the port of landing or imported commodities, was a duty, and ended the passage of verbal warfare, by saying, "We of Australia will understand that when you say tax you really mean duty." So it is with legal phrases and diction. They vary even in the different states of the Union, and vary outside America in meaning. It is this constant variation of meaning which makes much of our modern troubles. Define your terms, is good advice to all.

This volume which has twenty chapters, each being followed by a slight bibliography of suggested books of reference, deals with the origin, rise, present conditions of this World of Nations, diplomacy, war, peace, League of Nations, Pan-Americanism, conferences and administration of international affairs, and some account of "personalities and politics in future international affairs."

It is well known that many authors have produced whole books on a single one of the above enumerated topics, each of which Professor Potter dismisses in some twenty pages. Hence the serious student cannot hope to gain much from the narrations of any one of these fascinating subjects. There are loosely phrased sentences which might mislead the casual reader, such as: "Great Britain and Spain colonized India, Australia, South Africa, and America, both by discovery and occupation and by conquest" (p. 27).

The chapter on peace is unsatisfying, because of its declamatory statements against "practical men" and "peace societies and women's clubs" and serves but to remind us of the columns of the European press during the few days prior to the outbreak of the world war, at which time one paper said, after printing paragraph after paragraph of quotations fom German writers and papers full of nagging against England and France "what after all is the essential difference between a nagging wife and a nagging press; both allow a habit to blind their reason."

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Reasons for Patriotism

Modern American Poetry: A Critical Anthology (4th revised edition); edited by Louis Untermeyer. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.50.

CONFRONTED with the vast body of American poetry from Emily Dickinson to the present day, one is tempted to ask one question in particular: "How far is it *American*, how far does it represent a distinctively national poetry?" In respect of the long and honorable history behind it, this might seem a very impertinent question. But if we assume, as is surely not unreasonable, that the early history of American poetry was the history of a slow dissociation from contemporary English influence, a history of gestation before birth, then we are simply in the position of maintaining that the birth will be neither easier nor quicker than it has been in other countries at other times. But the term "distinctively national poetry" remains to be defined. Expressed in the simplest way it would seem to be this—it cannot be said to exist in America unless there is something common to American poetry which is not to be found in English, and therefore in a wider sense in any other national poetry. This "something" is indefinable, but its expression is always definite. And in America I believe it is already expressing itself in this way—in a new approach to the word, a new vigor given to the word, a freshness that is not to be found in English poetry, because the English standard literary dialect is becoming more and more inflexible, and the word slowly but perceptibly losing its strength.

This vigor and freshness in the word of American poetry emphasizes a point of departure from which the development of a great national poetry becomes not merely a possibility but a certainty. It is to be found in Sandburg and Lindsay and men of their caliber, but is perhaps more demonstrable in Wallace Stevens, Marianne Moore and Louise Bogan: it is a question not of brawn but of spirit. One insists upon it because it represents a unity in the variety of American poetry, and an analysis of this variety is clearly beyond the scope of a review. There are two general considerations, however, which are extremely suggestive—the influence of French poetry upon American, and the revival of the Anglo-Saxon tradition. The first is associated in some measure with T. S. Eliot (still the most considerable poet of our time), and the second might be more precisely defined as the Middle English tradition—the tradition of Piers Ploughman and Gawayne and The Gest Hystoriale—as it appears in the work of Gerard Hopkins, its great and only English exponent; and the clearest example for an effective combination of the two is Archibald MacLeish in whose work there are at least the possibilities of a major poetry. Of the poets new to this book, MacLeish is the most important, but three others are outstanding—Hart Crane, Robinson Jeffers and Allen Tate. For reasons best known to himself Mr. Untermeyer has seen fit to exclude Raymond Larsson, technically one of the most brilliant poets of today. The others are not very impressive, but show the evidence of hard work and constant practice, of a right attitude toward the cultivation of poetry as an art; and this is important.

Modern American Poetry is an indispensable book, and for Mr. Untermeyer's labors one has nothing but gratitude. It is a pity, however, that his critical notes provide so little informed and lucid criticism. Mr. Untermeyer might profit from a close study of Johnson's Lives of the English Poets, from which one lesson at least is to be learned—that poetical criticism should avoid poetical expression.

GEORGE DANGERFIELD.

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Briefer Mention

Tharlane, by Dorothy Cottrell. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

THE author of Tharlane has a far deeper and sounder sense of the character of her country than of the characters of its inhabitants. The Australia of late pioneering days emerges here in physical pictures which do veritably suggest a radiant, rich, unconquered land; its bigness, its primordial life, its challenge to the wilderness-tamer and the poet, are authentically given. In contrast, the human beings who move across it are drawn in weak and conventional lines. A great part of this weakness is due to the limitation and sentimentality of Mrs. Cottrell's dialogue. Such a conception as H. B., for example—the old squatter brigand, gigantic, cruel but almost impersonal, whose struggle to subdue the vast tract of Tharlane makes a frame for the lesser lives of shearers, tenants, laborers and tramps—is unusual enough, but it is never even adequately conveyed because of this failure of the author to write living and characteristic speech. Other characters in the story are real and even memorable in flashes: there is the childish tragedy of Sandy whose mother was always drunk, the heroic devotion of the half-caste Baada to Old Backs, her husband and master, the pitiful death of the young wife Martha, the final triumph of Sara, the good and patient woman; but the book as a whole is not as good as its source material or its central idea.

Revelation, by André Birabeau; translated by Una, Lady Troubridge. New York: The Viking Press. $2.50.

THE delicacy of touch and moral sobriety of M. Birabeau, and the skill of his translator, are beyond question. The permissibility of the theme of Revelation is not so certain. The mother whose love for her dead son receives its death shock, seemingly, in the discovery of his degeneracy, is an authentic figure of tragedy, and her final softening and appeasement might form a significant study in morals and psychology. But aside from the objection still raised by taste to the mere adoption of this material for purposes of artistic entertainment, there is the practical danger that the contraction and simplification inseparable from artistic form will reduce or sentimentalize the stern moral issues involved. That is what comes close to happening here, is spite of the author's austere care for fact. The mother, reconciled and understanding, seems almost to acquiesce, to condone. Perhaps it is the instinct for this danger that lies behind what we have called the prohibition of taste.

Amiel's Philine; translated from the Unpublished Journals of Amiel by Van Wyck Brooks, with an introduction by Edmond Jaloux. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.50.

WHILE it is certainly not correct to say, with the publishers' jacket, that "Victorian prudery" suppressed "all mention" of Amiel's friendship with the so-called Philine, it was an excellent idea to seek out and correlate those passages of the sixteen-thousand-page diary which chronicle the affair. M. Jaloux and his friends hope that such culling will "give a sufficiently complete portrait of Amiel . . . every side of the man." Of course this hope is not realized. But the book is nevertheless a fine, poetic diary in which a Platonic love affair verges sometimes on the flesh and sometimes on a curious religious mysticism. Thus it stands as one of the first documents in a lengthy literature of the same kind. The translation is extraordinarily good.

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CATALOGUES, MAGAZINES, BOOKS AND COMMERCIAL PRINTING

The Clarendon Bible: The Gospel according to Saint Luke; edited by H. Balmforth. New York: Oxford University. $1.50.

WHILE the new Clarendon Edition of the Holy Bible, several parts of which have already been published, will naturally not seem entirely adequate to Catholic readers, it is nevertheless a remarkably fine thing. The present Saint Luke prints the revised text, flanked by a scholarly introductory essay and critical notes of great value. In general the editor's point of view is conservative. Miracles are defended as credible substrata of the Gospel narrative, there are excellent notes on the Virgin Birth and the Resurrection, the historical authenticity of the text is ably upheld, and (incidently) major works of Catholic scholarship are cited in the bibliography. In short, this edition can be warmly recommended to the qualified student of exegesis and biblical history. Printing and format are all that could be desired.

Venice and Its Art, by H. H. Powers. New York: The Macmillan Company. $5.00.

WHILE Mr. Powers can be accused of indulging a flare of his own now and then, particularly when estimating the position and objectives of the Church, his books are always what they purport to be—readable, useful guides to the creative work of a given era. The story of Venetian art is rich in incident and color. Here it is traced with far more discrimination than one usually meets in works of this character, and with relative thoroughness. The panorama opens, after the historical setting has been provided, with Byzantine Venice and closes with the achievement of Titian, the "greatest painter" of the Lagoon City. Unfortunately the illustrative printing nowhere rises above the very ordinary.

A Scandinavian Summer, by Harry A. Franck. New York: The Century Company. $4.00.

DENMARK, Sweden, Finland, Norway and Iceland are treated with a wealth of encyclopaedic details in this latest book of Mr. Franck's travels. Any who contemplate a voyage to these countries will find here much valuable information and without doubt their keenness to see for themselves will be increased by the book's many omissions. Mr. Franck has covered his ground thoroughly but in doing so has failed in that most important duty of a travel writer—the duty of making his readers see places through his descriptions.

CONTRIBUTORS

OLIVER MCKEE, JR., is with the Washington Bureau of the Boston Evening Transcript.

REV. EDWARD F. MURPHY is a member of the faculty of Epiphany Apostolic College, Newburgh, N. Y.

MARGARET WIDDEMER, poet and novelist, is the author of The Old Road to Paradise; Cross Currents; and Collected Poems.

SALLOUM A. MOKARZEL is the publisher and editor of the Syrian World.

DR. KARL SCHAEZLER, critic of music, resides in Munich, Germany, and is a member of the staff of Hochland. His paper, Bruckner the Great, published herewith was translated by George N. Shuster.

CLARA DOUGLAS SHEERAN is a founder of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae.

WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON is one of the editors of the North American Review.

LESLIE N. JENNINGS is with the Primavera Press, Los Angeles, California.

CUTHBERT WRIGHT, author and critic, was formerly associated with Kent School, Kent, Connecticut.

RICHARD J. PURCELL is professor of history in the Catholic University of America.

REV. PATRICK J. HEALY is dean of the faculty of theology in the Catholic University of America. He is the author of The Valerian Persecution; and Historical Christianity and the Social Question.

IRENE DI ROBILANT is a Roman journalist.

JOHN GILLAND BRUNINI is a member of The Commonweal staff.

BOYD-CARPENTER, a writer on European politics, is a professor in the department of political philosophy of Fordham University.

GEORGE DANGERFIELD, English poet and formerly a professor in the English College, Hamburg, Germany, now resides in New York.

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